

THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK

MIRACLES AARD

THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK
ISSUE 1
SEPTEMBER 2020

INSIDE

BJARNE MELGAARD
SADIE PLANT
COURTNEY LOVE
CAROLINE POGGI
JONATHAN VINEL
PATRICK MCGRAW
JACK DONOGHUE
MAGGIE DUNLAP
DAVIDE SORRENTI
ILJA KARILAMPI
ROB KULISEK
JUICY COUTURE
YUNG LEAN
NIK CRUZ
ROB FORD
CHRIS VIAGGO
LAURENT DE SUTTER
ELIZABETH WURTZEL
DAVID FOSTER WALLACE
MATHIS ALTMANN
LIFESPORT
THERESA X MORT SACKLER
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DJ SCREW
LIL PEEP
URAMI

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THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK
I S S U E 1
S E P T E M B E R 2 0 2 0

The Opioid Crisis Lookbook was founded by Dustin Cauchi
and developed with Charles Teyssou, Pierre-Alexandre Mateos & Dasha Zaharova

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COVER:BJARNE MELGAARD for OCL

NYC SELFIE X OSLO SUMMER 2020_FEAT FRIGG

PHOTO: PATRICE DESTÉ

MONTAGE: DUSTIN CAUCHI

MADE ON THE GLAMOROUS PLANET EARTH



Dear reader,

I've always loved September. Where I'm from summers are endless, and winters are furtive and harsh. If human dopamine secretion glands evolved at the speed at which our societies degenerated, then perhaps I would not be writing this, and you wouldn't be reading it. But here we meet at the far end of one of the most unflattering decades this side of human history, in the middle of a pandemic and in the shadow of the rising flames of social unrest.

I started The Opioid Crisis Lookbook less than a year ago after long observing the unfolding crisis in the US, which is being chronicled mainly through journalistic-media. In that streamlined process of info distribution some narratives and voices risk being suppressed or just not understood and therefore sidelined. Because of this, one of the objectives of OCL, has been that of mapping out the crisis like you would a war—making marginal narratives available, offering a re-reading of dominant narratives and celebrating the cultures that the crisis is creating in all their monstrosity and sublimity, shame and taboo free.

The Opioid Crisis as we understand it today has its genesis in the introduction of OxyContin to the American market in the 1990s by the Sackler owned Purdue Pharma amidst sketchy FDA approvals, tweaked medical reports and tales of pharm rep orgies-for-pennies. From where we stand now over 12 million Americans are hooked on drugs that were presented as a solution for pain. The crisis has claimed the lives of over 700,000 people with the projected death toll expected to rise until at least 2030. This is a major human tragedy, but within this dark mess change is happening fast, firstly by challenging those “privilege-fortresses” of race, gender, class and wealth. Today, everyone seems to be better versed in the language of pain and consequential-empathy; a sensitivity that is starting to shatter those cultural or subjective preconceptions of the other, used previously as scapegoating schemes by the powers that be. Today, “Just say no” nonsense and other binary, monopolies of the mind are slowly crumbling under the sky of the real.

In the early 1970s Giorgio Agamben prophesized modern man's inability to have and communicate experience. In his argument, Agamben references the demolition of the maxim and the proverb, which were, as he puts it, the guise in which experience stands as authority. I have struggled with heroin and prescription opioid addiction for almost two decades. I am familiar with the hardships of addiction, the excitement of criminality, the carefreeness and the desperation of being a junkie. But that's not important—, personal experience shouldn't become a guideline not even to oneself. In this spirit Issue 1 does not have a focus or a theme. The common point is a relation to addiction, but OCL is about drug culture and addiction as much as it is about the colossal failure of a system that is drawing its final breaths.

The Issue that you are about to read was developed with Charles Teyssou, Pierre Alexandre Mateos and Dasha Zaharova and to which they act as co-editors alongside me. It is an intense collection, though soon you will find that it's easy to navigate. The magazine is divided into 7 sections: Peak, Craving, Redemption, Gone and so on. Each aims at addressing distinct and overlapping feelings or attitudes indiscriminately and guilt-free. It is at times violent, conflicting, and aggressive, comforting, cute and empowering. Starting from an extended, no-blows-barred interview with the legendary Bjarne Melgaard, godfather to all the art world bad boys and cover star, as he opens up about his own opioid crisis and life as a superstar artist in the shimmering NYC of the mid-2000s with a steady serving of crystal, sassiness and wit. יר

OCL Issue 1 is not a nostalgic watchtower, nor a sadistic 5K resolution flat screen, projecting tragedy 24/7. It is a collection of moments, experiences, subjective offerings and historical happenings that aim at enriching and guarding the plurality of the marginal narratives mentioned above. All this data is contained within a manic and progressive graphic display that can be comparable to the experience of driving at 100mph, on molly, into a pink summer sunset. The content and the pacing are as paradoxical and unstable as life itself. Issue 1 does not serve the end of fetishizing tragedy or musing over it; if or when you sense this happening, please be assured that I am there with you and that I am first and foremost looking at myself.

Here's to beginnings.

I will let you down, I promise.

Dustin Cauchi
September 2020



The last shall be first and the first last.

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THIS IS THE PATENT AGE OF NEW INVENTIONS,
FOR KILLING BODIES AND FOR SAVING SOULS.



PEAK

Philosopher Laurent de Sutter talks about the age of anaesthesia and the fear that fueled narcocapitalism as **Tyler Durden** reveals in his ultimate Wall-Street blog : “Zero Hedge” -We remember the prince of heroin chic **Davide Sorrenti**- Flashy masked robbers take over pharmacies and shops, hungry for that paper and **Sizzurp** - Billboard moguls **Courtney Love**, **James Jeanette** and **Yung Lean** made us exclusive Spotify playlists for your solitary crisis pleasures and ultraviolent sweethearts film directors **Caroline Poggi** and **Jonathan Vinel** present speculative semiotics with their personal collection of disturbing video game imagery

A close-up portrait of Brad Pitt smiling broadly, showing his teeth. He has a bloody forehead and cheek, suggesting a recent fight or injury. He is wearing a blue t-shirt with a colorful, abstract pattern. The background is a world map with various animals and landmarks. The title 'THE AGE OF ANESTHESIA' is written in large, white, italicized letters across the middle of the image. Below it, the author's name 'BY LAURENT DE SUTTER' is written in a smaller, white, italicized font.

THE AGE OF ANESTHESIA

BY LAURENT DE SUTTER

Interview by Tracy Brannstrom

*University of Chicago, Journal of Extreme
Anthropology Vol. 3, No. 2 (2019): 167-172*

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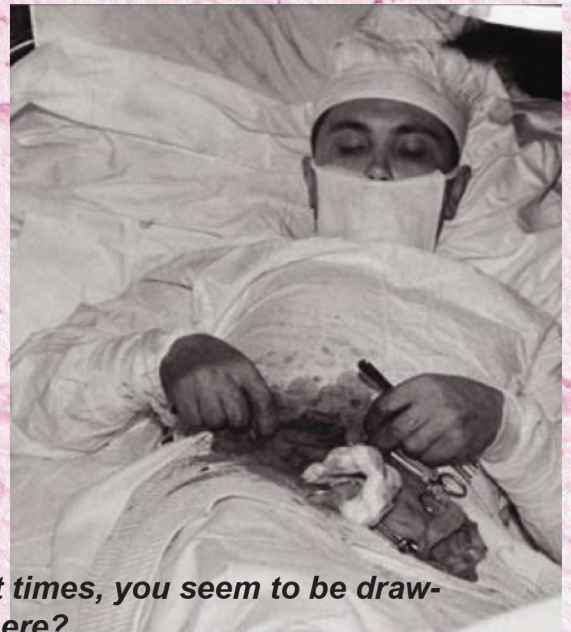
ZeroHedge

What kind of history, or counter-history, is one of narcocapitalism? In thinking about the histories that have been told about pharmacology, sedation, and political-economy, what is unique here?

To be fair, the original French title of the book Narcocapitalism is The Age of Anesthesia. Polity wanted me to change it into something more 'conceptual', and as I use this neologism in the text, I said, 'Why not?' But I have decided to write about 'narcocapitalism' because I didn't want to speak about capitalism. I am a bit fed up with the laziness with which critical theory tends to designate enemies so abstract that they can put almost everything to their credit: capitalism, colonialism, patriarchy, and the like. I think that these concepts render us blind to the actual agencies of logistics, technique, chemistry, etc., that define the frame within which we evolve. I wanted to speak of 'narcocapitalism' not as the enemy that we should fight, but as the definition of a moment when the functioning of the world was deemed to require the taming of 'excitation.' Why is it 'capitalism', then? Simply because this appeared at a moment when the true issue behind the fear of excitation was that things wouldn't work – individuals would become dysfunctional, masses would go crazy, the work of surgeons would be made impossible, and so on. Now, is it unique? I wouldn't know. I believe that what is interesting, new or unique in a book is never the book itself, but how it allows those who encounter it to develop their own path, ideas, and practices. As a book, it only formulates a proposal, not a program, but I don't ask that it be applied, followed, believed, or trusted – but, to be useful as a tool in the toolbox of those who find it interesting. Some readers have compared my book to the work of Foucault, but it makes me cringe, as I don't like Foucault, who has always seemed to me a paradigmatic figure of the thinker who knows – who put himself in such a position that everything seems small compared to his almighty, all-encompassing gaze. If my book is Foucauldian, then it is a failure. I haven't tried to provide the ultimate explanation for a given phenomenon, or the key to finally understand a specific time period, but a hint at the possibility that we take so much for granted.







How can we think about your use of narco in this text? At times, you seem to be drawing on both drugs and sleep. Is there a double meaning here?

Yes, there is. As you know, ‘narcosis’ describes the result of the anesthesia of a person, as a state. The fact is that most drugs belong to the realm of anesthetics. As I explain it in the book, cocaine, the alkaloid of coca leaves, was first commercialized as a local anesthetic allowing for the performance of small surgical operations on patients that had to be kept awake. It is the paradox of a drug like cocaine that it puts you in a state of frenzy while being an anesthetic, and, taking cocaine doesn’t affect your capacity to work the following day. Sigmund Freud, when he was young, experimented with cocaine with this specific purpose in mind, praising it for its remarkable efficacy. Well, my idea is that efficacy is precisely another name for anesthesia, because it is always in the name of efficacy that anesthesia has been promoted – first as an aid in surgery, then as an aid in keeping psychically ill patients quiet in hospitals, up to the proverbial broker relying on ‘cocaine and hookers, my friend,’ as Matthew McConaughey says in *The Wolf of Wall Street*, in order to produce wealth. The idea behind the history of anesthesia, as it materialized in a whole series of products, is that a good subject is a sleeping subject – playing its role, staying in its place on the surgeon’s table, in the psychiatric unit, at work, as a woman, etc. For me, the most important character in this story is none other than the inventor, in 1899, of the nosographical category of the ubiquitous category ‘manic-depressive psychosis’ – Emil Kraepelin. In his then world-famous *Manual of Clinical Psychiatry*, he describes what should be done in cases of ‘excitation’ (Irresein, in German) in a manic-depressive psychosis, which he thought should be avoided at all costs. The solution was a powerful sedative, chloral hydrate, used until the 1950s despite its terrible side effects. For Kraepelin, it was crucial that patients would not wander outside of the frontiers of their being, and this is what ‘excitatio’ means: ex-citare, in Latin, being ‘called out’, taken out of the reassuring limits of your home or your inside.



TMZ



3:51:58PM
AUG 12 2006

(farcasm.net)

In the end, you write that the unstable state of excitation, which is reduced under capitalist order, is 'the only thing that can give us hope.' Is this a comment on what you see as public indifference and disengagement – a kind of sedation – with politics today? And if so, what would a return to states of excitation look like in the political realm?

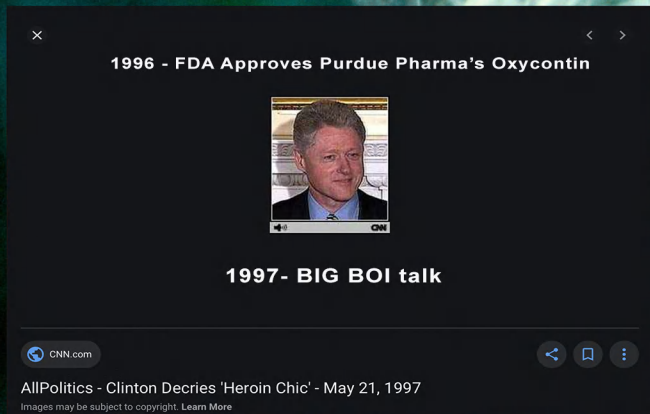
What we need is not more integration, organization or rationalization, but rather the opposite: disintegration, disorganization and irrationalization. What we need is to take human beings seriously for a change. I would never accept a claim such as the one stating that people are indifferent or disengaged with politics today. If politics is a matter of affection, then it is everywhere, and the issue is to find a way to transform our intellectual tools of perception in order to put us in a position where we could listen to it, or see it, or smell it, etc. Shifting towards 'excitation' is a mere suggestion – a way to put forth one possible tool of that kind. If we look at the world through the lens of a possible reconciliation with excitation, more things become imaginable than not: we can imagine a way out of being, a way out of work, a way out of organization, and a way out of theory as 'the practice of those who know.' In my book, I give some examples of people having embraced excitation, in getting rid of the self in order to experiment with what it means to move beyond our limits: the drug experiments by Timothy Leary and his friends (which eventually ended up badly, but that is another story) and the xenofeminist hacking of hormonal programming through DIY pills. When xenofeminists say that we don't need less alienation but more alienation, I can't help but agree: we need to equip ourselves with all the means at our disposal to open up ourselves to our own alienation, our becoming-alien – allowing our lives to become experimentation rather than an attempt at building up a fortress within which we would, at last, be safe.





DAVIDE SORRENTI

1976 - 1997

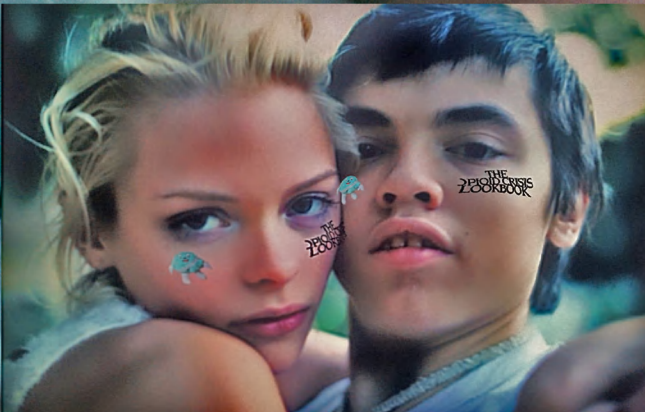


Clinton Calls Fashion Ads' 'Heroin Chic' Deplorable
By Christopher S. Wren
May 22, 1997
The New York Times

Asserting that "you do not need to glamorize addiction to sell clothes," President Clinton today accused the fashion industry of making heroin seem "glamorous, sexy and cool" through advertising that enticed young people to try heroin. "American fashion has been an enormous source of creativity and beauty and art and, frankly, economic prosperity for the United States," Mr. Clinton said, "and we should all value and respect that."

"But the glorification of heroin is not creative, it's destructive," he added. "It's not beautiful; it's ugly. And this is not about art; it's about life and death. And glorifying death is not good for any society."

The President spoke at the White House to 35 mayors who met in Washington to draft a plan to control trafficking and use of illegal drugs. While applauding Mr. Clinton's criticism, the mayors sounded more concerned about finding resources for drug prevention and treatment programs in their hometowns.





Davide Sorrenti was born in Naples, Italy, to a family of talented photographers; his mother Francesca Sorrenti is a renowned fashion photographer, so are his older brother Mario; and his sister Vanina.

The Sorrentis moved to New York City in the early 1980s, partly because baby Davide had thalassemia (or Cooley's anemia, a hereditary form of anemia), and needed regular blood transfusions and medical care. The disease made him look several years younger than his real age. His brother Mario documented his sufferings one of many nights, published in the book *The Machine*; referring to the drug infusion pump that Davide was hooked up to.

Growing up in a cultured environment, the young Davide painted, played golf and liked opera, but soon strayed away from his privilege and became a "prep-school gangster"; private-school students living a wannabee gangster's life, with shoplifting, credit-card scams and drug dealing as a way of gaining bad boy status. He also started the crew SKE while attending Bayard Rustin High School for the Humanities, with fellow skateboarders and graffiti artists with whom he formed a rap crew called the Mosaics, because of their wide mix of ethnicities; and started the streetwear label Danücht.

Sorrenti began documenting his friends in their everyday actions at the age of 18, developing his own distinctive personal style and sense of fashion. Around age 19, his darkly glamorous photos appeared in magazines like *Interview*, *Detour*, and *Ray Gun*. With his talent, charm, and juvenile good looks, he quickly became New York's fashion Wunderkind, boosting the heroin chic-trend with young skinny waif-models appearing as drug addicts.

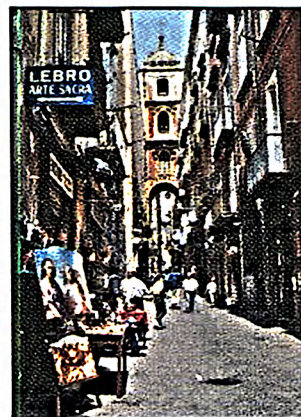
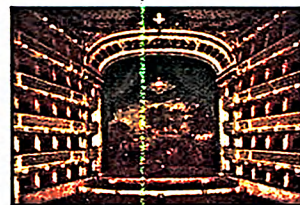
Inspired by the real-life subjects of the photojournalism of Larry Clark in the 1960s and Nan Goldin in the 1970s, photographers like Juergen Teller, Craig McDean, David Sims and Terry Richardson reacted against the "phony and over-retouched" aesthetics of 1980s glamour, introducing what they thought was a more truthful approach to reality in the early 1990s. Having started as an underground trend, the approach soon went mainstream when more commercial photographers started copying the style, and with the long running Calvin Klein campaigns with Kate Moss and Vincent Gallo.

Davide's career started almost as soon as he learned how to handle a camera in 1994. His mother Francesca recalls that every day was a photo shoot for Davide. He documented everything he and his friends did, making them feel that something big was about to happen. In a series of snapshots published in *Interview* in 1996, his friends from SKE are portrayed hanging out in a run-down apartment, watching TV and smoking pot.

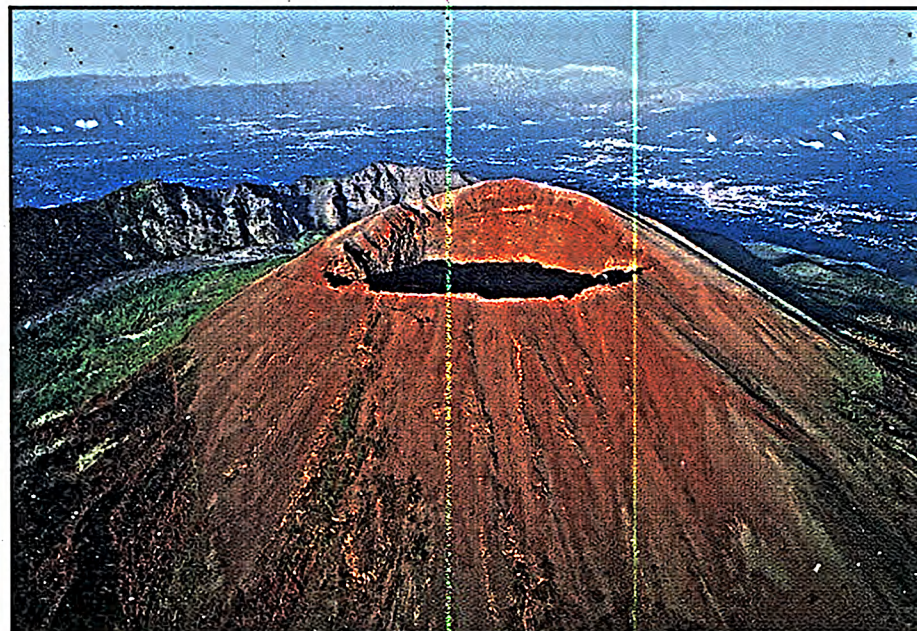
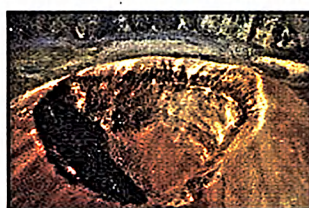
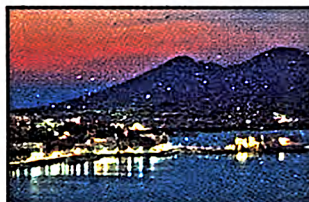
Davide's girlfriend at the time, fashion model and eternal heroin chic muse Jaime (a.k.a. James) King, had been the subject of a cover story in *The New York Times Magazine*, where she admitted getting involved in drugs when she started modelling at age 14. One of Davide's photos shows a young, skinny Jamie lying on a sofa, tearing her pants as a kid Kurt Cobain watches over.

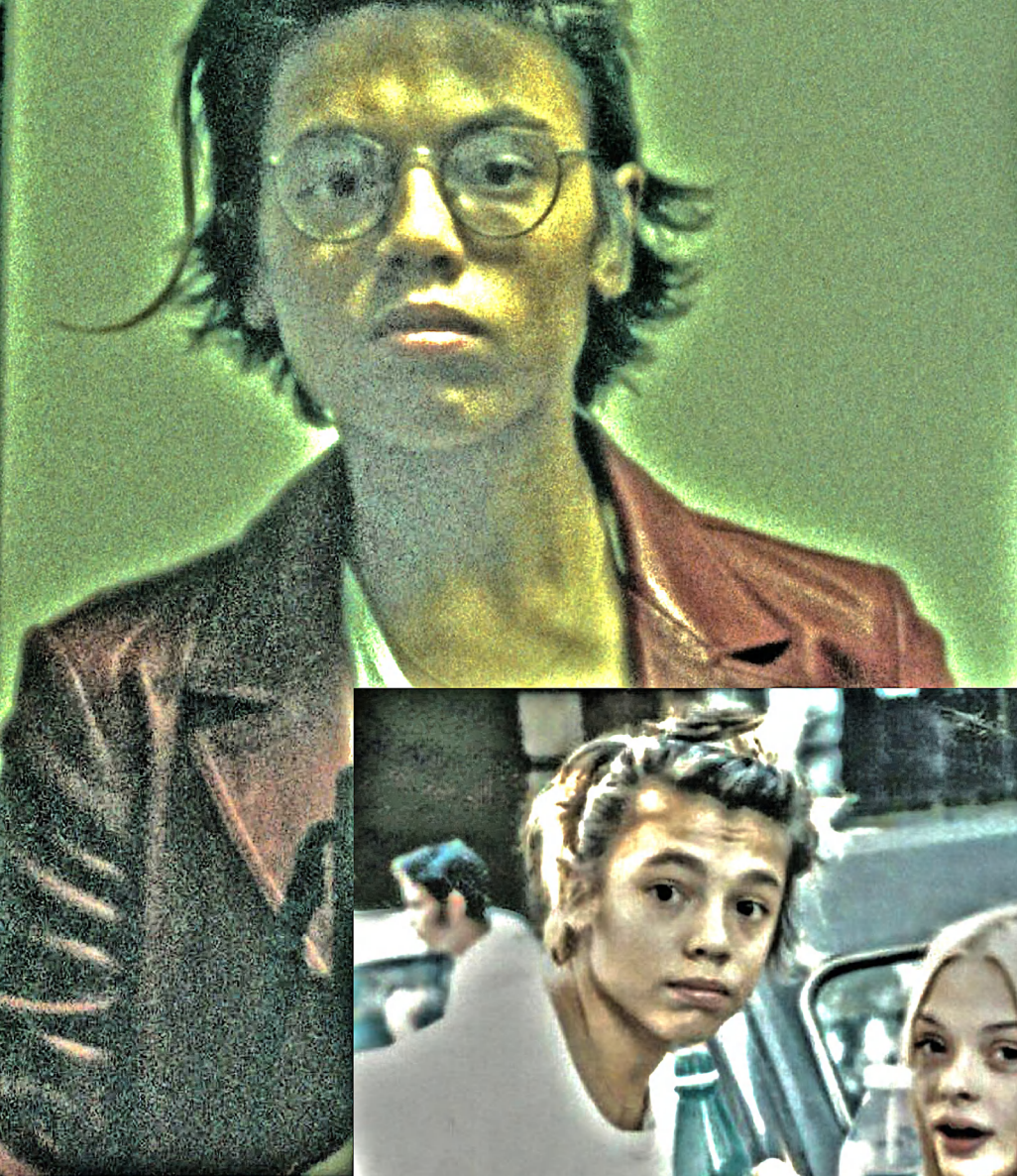
On February 4, 1997, Davide died of a kidney ailment, caused by his excessive heroin use, at his friend's apartment in Manhattan.

Source: Wiki



NAPOLI • VESUVIO



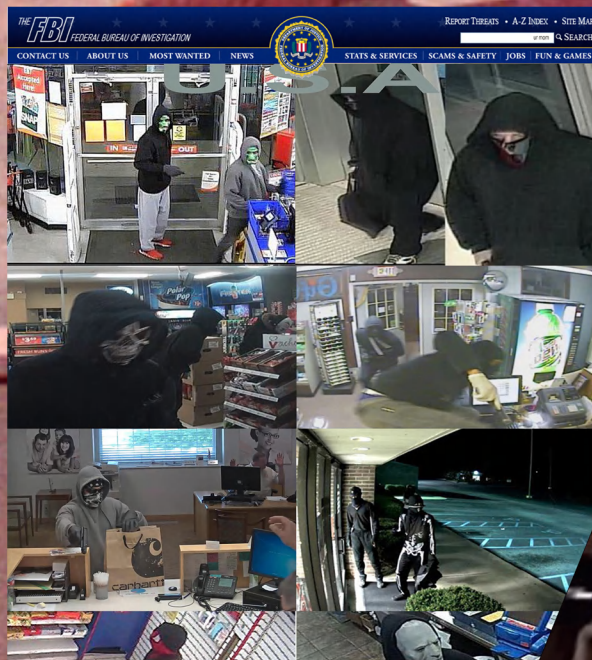


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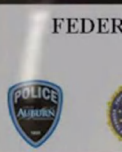
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III. BANK ROBBERY STATUTE VIOLATIONS BY REGIONS, GEOGRAPHIC DIVISION,
STATES, AND TERRITORIES
January 1, 2018 - December 31, 2018

	BANK ROBBERIES	BANK BURGLARIES	BANK LARCENIES	BANK EXTORTIONS
REGIONAL SUMMARY				
NORTHEAST	576	4	0	0
NORTH CENTRAL	583	8	0	0
SOUTH	892	16	2	2
WEST	923	28	0	0
TERRITORIES	1	0	0	0
TOTALS:	2,975	56	2	2
NORTHEAST	576	4	0	0
NEW ENGLAND	136	2	0	0
CONNECTICUT	30	0	0	0
MAINE	4	0	0	0
MASSACHUSETTS	70	1	0	0
NEW HAMPSHIRE	16	0	0	0

As opioid addiction has ramped up, so have robberies. Those needing to feed their habits are finding it difficult to obtain drugs from physicians, friends and relatives. Many avenues used by criminals to obtain the drugs have been closed. As the supply dries up, street price increases (or in some parts of the country, heroin use grows) and both the addicts and criminals find other ways. Walking into a pharmacy with a gun, or throwing a rock through a window does not require a lot of thought or preparation, but it will provide easy access to the current drugs of choice.



2014- Anthony Hathaway aka `Cyborg Bandit` / `The Elephant Man Bandit` ends bank heist spree after being arrested outside the Key Bank in North Seattle. Hathaway, an ex-Boeing technical engineer, later explained how he got hooked on Oxycontin back in 2005 whilst recovering from two back surgeries. He turned to heroin after the Oxy pill was changed in 2010, with it no longer being snortable. By 2011 he was living in a Subaru Outback with his 18 year old son, also an addict. In June 2011 Anthony Hathaway and his son staged their first bank robbery.



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SEATTLE DIVISION
SAFE STREETS TASK FORCE



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Cyborg & EM Bank Robberies 2/5/13 - 2/4/14







THE
OPIOID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS



CITIBANK
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SAN CLEMENTE, CA
5/2/2013
REF #: 2843177
www.labankrobbers.org

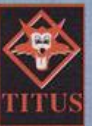
8,596 PHARMACY ROBBERIES/ YEAR (2017, US)- INCREASES BY 10-15% ANNUALY - PHARMACY CRIME REPORT 2017
5000 ARMED BANK ROBBERIES/ YEAR (2018, US)- FBI STATS
\$80.3 BILLION ESTIMATED ANNUAL COST OF PHARMACY CRIME
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The drugs we take are the ontology of the music we make.

Music captures the vibe, a moment in time and space, like Benjamin's aura, it transfixes the spirits of the room in which it is recorded. A condensation of cultural multiplicities, recorded, packaged and sent back to the culture that bore it.

With this in mind we asked - renowned drug-heavy or ex drug-heavy artists: **Yung Lean** - **Courtney Love** - **James Jeanette**, to make a playlist that resonated with their personal drug experiences, and also something that could be used as a soundtrack for the crisis.



Yung Lean
4 The Opioid Crisis Lookbook
'October Playlist'



Courtney Love x
The Opioid Crisis Lookbook

TITLE	ARTIST
Voices Of The Ancient	Roberto Musci
All I Do Is Think Of You	The Jackson 5
Chrome Country	Oneohtrix Point Never
Marry Me (Lie! Lie!)	These Immortal Souls
Sanningens Silverflod	Träd Gräs Och Stenar
Pass The Dutch	Young Money, Shawt Dawg

TITLE	ARTIST
Sassy	Hole
Teen Age Riot (Album Version)	Sonic Youth
Strange	Galaxie 500
Jane Says	Jane's Addiction
Doe	The Breeders
U-Mass	Pixies
She's Like Heroin to Me	The Gun Club
Golden Brown	The Stranglers
Cod'ine	Buffy Sainte-Marie
Where the Wild Roses Grow - 2011 - Remaster	Nick Cave & The Bad See...
Fade Into You	Mazzy Star
Love Songs on the Radio	Mojave 3
Lord Can You Hear Me?	Spacemen 3
Crying	Teen Suicide
Souvlaki Space Station	Slowdive
The Spangle Maker	Cocteau Twins
N.I.T.A.	Young Marble Giants
Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space	Spiritualized
Holocaust (Remastered)	This Mortal Coil
Dream Baby Dream	Suicide

A Winter Genocide James Jeanette



James Jeanette of Wild Daughter
'A Winter Genocide'

TITLE	ARTIST
Genocide	Link Wray
Dominic Christ	Suicide
Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn	Die Krupps
Auf Dem Schwarzen Kanal	Conrad Schnitzler
Velodrome	Richard H. Kirk
Bill Is Dead	The Fall
Suicide Commando	No More
The Black Angel's Death Song	The Velvet Underground, ...
60/40	Nico
Coitus Interruptus	Fad Gadget
Fuck	Hirsute Pursuit
66 5 4 3 2 1	The Troggs
It's A Dream	Little Ed & The Soundmast...
Walkin' with the Beast	The Gun Club
Heart of Darkness	Pere Ubu
It's Too Late	Tarheel Slim & Little Ann
Can't Kick the Habit	Champion Jack Dupree
It's A Hard Life	The Seeds
Misery	Keith Hudson
Los Twangueros	Ry Cooder, Manuel Galbán
Tomorrow We Get Healthy	Spike Fuck
Will the Circle Be Unbroken	The Staple Singers
I Need Help (I Can't Do It Alone)	Bobby Byrd
Mirrors	Dave Ball
My World Is Empty Without You	Diamanda Galás
The Last One	Les Rallizes Dénudés
Follow Me	TOY
Modern Dance	Pere Ubu



THE WINDS OF CHANGE I FEEL TONIGHT

THE WATERS ARE CALM AND THE SKY IS BRIGHT

STRENGTH OF DAY

STRENGTH OF NIGHT

GIVE ME STRENGTH

BEYOND MY SIGHT

Speculative Semiotics is a method of fantasizing about associations and connections between things (signs & symbols). The space in which these connections happen is purely fictional.

THE
OPIOID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK



SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS

CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL

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SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS
CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL

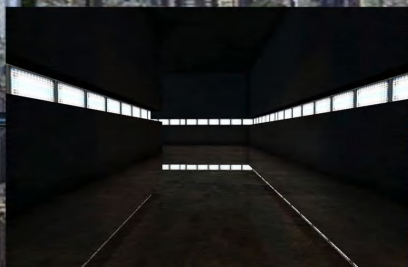
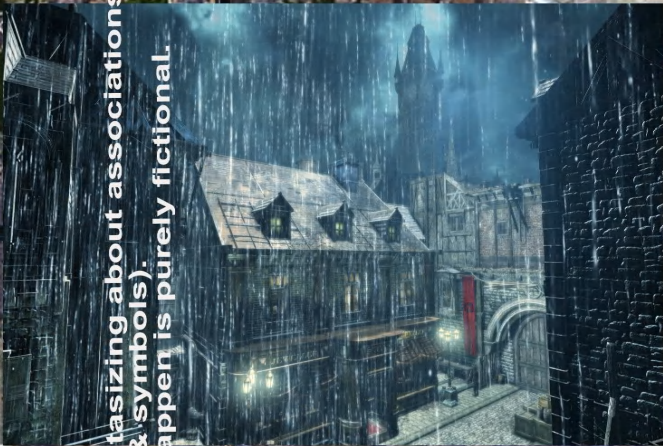
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SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS

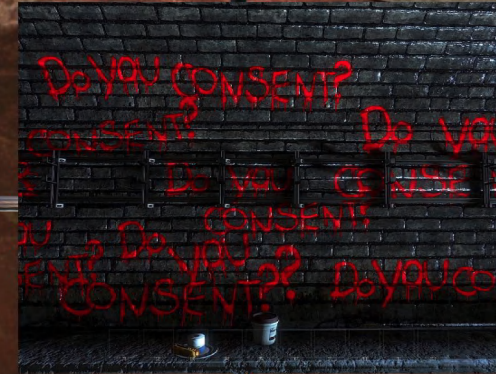
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THE
DROID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK



SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS

CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL

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THE
DROID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK



It's me,
your
best
friend.



I am Die.



SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS

CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL

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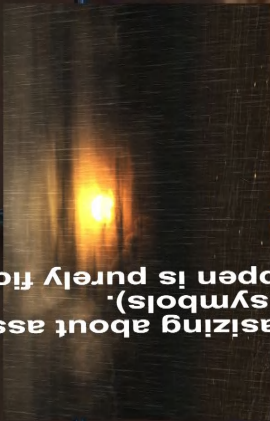
THE
COVID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK

BETTER TO REIGN IN HELL, THAN SERVE IN HEAVEN.
-- PARADISE LOST, JOHN MILTON



SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS
CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL

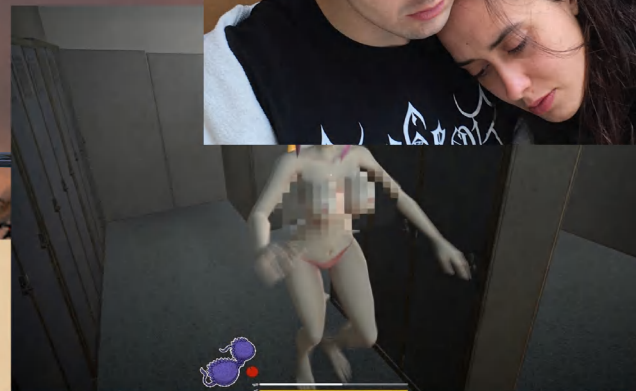
Speculative Semiotics is a method of fantasizing about associations and connections between things (signs & symbols). The space in which these connections happen is purely fictional.



THE
PRODIGES
LOOKBOOK

SPECULATIVE SEMIOTICS

CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL



CAROLINE POGGI & JONATHAN VINEL

Poggi and Vinel's work is a laid back evolution of those American desires present in post WWII French cinema. A desire that can be traced to the Howard Hawks obsessed early days of the *Cahier Du Cinema* to Godard and Truffaut, from Schroeder to Carax all the way to Besson, Hollywood has always been a source of lust or bitterness in European cinema. Poggi and Vinel are citizens of the world wide web though, and their films are unapologetically emo and generous in a gentle way. Their characters are non-invasive, essential yet mythologizable; armed with an emotive expansiveness comparable to that of video game characters, they have as much existential purpose as the rest of us watching.

Their 2019 debut feature 'Jessica Forever' is "Set in a dystopian world ruled by violent orphans, one woman and her improvised family of rehabilitated misfits fight for peace". A mix between neo-Messianism, a Hideo Kojima fantasy and emocore; this gender-amnesiac film extends a loving hand to the emarginated and the forgotten.

CAROLINE POGGI _ JONATHAN VINEL
Are French film directors, the two directed several short films separately before directing their short film 'As Long As Shotguns Remain' winner of the Golden Bear at the 2014 Berlinale. Jessica Forever is their debut feature film.

THE MAJORITY OF HUMANKIND ONLY ENJOY LIFE BY
FORGETTING THAT THEY ARE ALIVE.



Miracles, Cosmos, meth shopping sprees and couture secrets in the glitzy NY artworld, Superstar [Bjarne Melgaard](#) confesses his own opioid crisis in an extended interview - [Reinhold Niebuhr](#) grants us access to divine serenity through acceptance, and get ready to catch some serious feels with the pretty boy of emo-rap; [Lil Peep](#) and his die-hard fans

FUCK MIRACLES
AARD



miracles





FUCK MIRACLES

BJARNE MELGAARD

We contacted Bjarne Melgaard asking him for a contribution, something drug related to include in the first issue of the Opioid Crisis Lookbook. He replied with a selfie and a message that started the conversation that follows.

“This is how I looked in 2017 after ten years in New York. I came back to Norway broke, homeless and doing so much drugs that I had a heart attack and was sent to treatment. I was in rehab for Opioids, Cocaine and Crystal Meth among other stuff. Now I’ve been sober for two years and have tons of photos of how it was before I nearly died from all the drugs. My nose looks so big because I snorted so much stuff that it got permanently infected. Dunno if this is what you had in mind, in a way this is my personal Opioid Crisis”

I read somewhere that you moved to New York from Barcelona in order to start a new chapter in your life.

In Barcelona I was heavily medicated on over-the-counter prescription drugs. I was painting in a studio with no air conditioning or electricity and doing so many drugs that periodically I’d go to the emergency room and then rehab. During that time, I also damaged one of my legs’ nervous system so now it doesn’t function properly. I fell backwards after overdosing on methadone, heroin, cocaine and alcohol. I couldn’t walk for a year and basically blew all my chances. Then I did a show with Greene Naftali in New York and sold 50 paintings in one night.

In Testo-Junkie, Paul Preciado writes that the “metropolitan condition” is connected to self-intoxication; cities are only bearable on drugs and their logic is best understood when one’s subjectivity is intoxicated. When I moved to New York I’d been sober for two years. Emily Sundblad asked me “have you ever heard about Adderall?” I said no and she was like “try one”, so I took a pill. One month later I was doing 30 pills a day and it kind of escalated the whole thing. In Barcelona my body had collapsed and I was super fat so in New York I started working out to an extreme degree while doing steroids and meth. I had a doctor who prescribed me all the pills I wanted—this was before they regulated prescriptions. I could go in anytime and say to him “I have a headache, I need a box of OxyContin” and he would get me hundreds of OxyContin 80 milligrams or whatever. Once the Oxys were so heavy that I passed out after taking one pill. Prescription drug culture was super-popular in the New York art scene and everybody went to the same doctor. I was doing so many pills at one point that in order to increase the number of transactions I was trading paintings for pills, like a free prescription for life.

Was this doctor building an art collection out of Oxy scripts?
Yeah, his whole office was full of art.

Did your drug habits change in comparison to Barcelona?
I kind of continued to do all kinds of drugs. I was more of an “uppers” person, but I could also do heroin and Fentanyl even though Fentanyl came later. Fentanyl never cracked down so much in New York City though, it was more of a rural thing.

Junkies are socially stigmatized because they contradict the myth of the pure body, one that is free of any addiction or disease. But as Avital Ronell puts it are there really any drug free or addiction free zones?

I think that this has a lot to do with society’s expectations for the addict. The addict is supposed to be somebody out of shape, too fat or too skinny, sweaty and unattractive. I know some very heavy addicts who look extremely healthy and in good shape. Bodybuilders do meth or coke or anything to keep it going before competitions. It would be interesting to talk more about the addict who doesn’t immediately fulfill society’s expectations, the functioning addict for example.

I for one functioned very well on drugs. I did my work, I went on with my career. I feel that very few address the question of individual choice and responsibility seriously when it comes to addiction. Of course there are external factors that condition addiction, but you can still say no to it. Personally I had to after a while. I think that putting all the blame on the government or big pharma just because you can’t stop eating pills is as problematic as Alcoholic Anonymous.

AA is the most destructive and hypocritical treatment program in the world. There is no other program that dominates rehab and addiction treatment facilities to such an extent. People need to endure torture to get sober. I have been going to 12 steps groups for 20 years. I come from a family where everybody was in a 12 steps group so I was totally brainwashed as a child. When my sister started drinking at 19 my family was super happy because she could finally join AA. If you go on the website Orange Paper you can read the AA statistics and the recovery success rate is 15%. There are several published studies about Alcoholic Anonymous, Narcotic Anonymous, Cocaine Anonymous, Sexaholics and all the denominations. I have been to all of them and I can say that they do not work. I went to every fucking 12 steps program imaginable, I went to rehab 9 times, I OD’ed so many times. It never worked for me. Yet at some point you had this whole sentiment of “oh the horrible Sackler family!” but on the other hand you have a whole system of rehabilitation programs and treatments that are useless, they get tons of money though.

FUCK MIRACLES

NORWAY BJARNE



U.S.A BJARNE
FUCK MIRACLES



At the very beginning of the twentieth century construction started on what was to be one of the finest hotels, not just in New York City, but the world.
St. Regis New York City.

BJARNE MELGAARD



What were your days like as a drug addict?

My first year in New York on meth was a year-long fuckfest. I was fucking for two or three days straight, then sleep for two days. I would then wake up and realize that I needed to paint ten paintings for a show so I immediately started working on it. My relationship to crystal was sexual at first. I had my first encounter with it after having sex with a dealer.

Did you take drugs to work? Did you work while high?

Both. I took drugs to be able to work. I took drugs to be able to function. I took drugs to be able to sleep. I took drugs to be awake. I took drugs to paint. I took drugs not to paint. For me, it was an endless loop. One addiction was constantly morphing into another. In New York I suddenly found myself surrounded by the attention of all these galleries like Gavin Brown or whatever; all the attention generates a demand that is totally unsustainable. I was doing 30 shows a year. No one can do that without drugs. Everybody around me was also encouraging me to keep going. Nobody took me to the side and told me "Hey Bjarne maybe you should take a month off". There were like "Oh yes go on. You are so crazy". They preferred me as a drugged out, easily to manipulate artist rather than a sober person who could make his own decisions. I came back from New York broke and homeless. I had spent the last 1K bucks on crystal. When I came back to Oslo I had to stay in a two square meter room in my mum's house and work myself back together again.

How did you manage to do it?

I had a heart attack and checked into a facility for addiction. I later relapsed and went into a psychosis, after that my physical and psychological abilities to do more drugs were kind of exhausted. That last psychosis was so awful that I had to go through a lot of treatment. I was heavily medicated for over a year. At that point I thought that it wasn't worth it anymore. I had no fun out of it. I also came to realize that the more shows in the art world did not mean that you are more successful. It can mean the opposite really. I don't measure my own personal achievements by that scale anymore. What was very important for me is that I said to myself that it was my problem and that only I could deal with it. Looked at the core of it, instead of sitting at 12 steps groups complaining, I started therapy with a very good therapist and it helped me. I think it was the first person I met in the past 12 years who actually cared for me. Support is crucial if you want to get out of it.

There is a lot of drug-culture in your works but your work is not solely about that.

I never wanted to do shows about drugs. The shows that I did in New York for example, were more about class, gender and race. Drugs just played a role in all of that.

In your show titled The Casual Pleasure of Disappointment at the Red Bull Arts, you featured a Muppet version of yourself smoking crystal meth and speaking about the 12 steps program.

Yes, it's a film that we made with the Jim Henson Company. The Muppet is basically me with a pipe. It was a promotion video for the show. We also did a whole Narcotic Anonymous fashion collection, which said "fuck off to miracles". It was one of my last shows in New York, a fashion collection reflecting AA and NA problematics.

The retail apocalypse aspect of the show made me think of Timothy Melley, who spoke of the transformation of the Junkie into a "terminal capitalist subject, a 'grotesque' consumer whose needs and desires have all been replaced by one simple but overpowering bodily need." In this case it was fashion.

The show wanted to articulate the consumerist aspect of being a drug addict. For instance, the impulse you get for shopping when on meth. Shopping on meth is amazing. You just experience every fabric as magical but then you come down and it looks like a pile of trash. It was also a fuck you to all the hipster references that New York is so full of. That show was like a goodbye to the good times and hello to the comedown. It marked the end of everything. After the exhibition we did a jewelry show with mini pigs at Gavin Brown's and he just thought I was crazy. That was my goodbye to New York.

What about the selfies? Are they from that time?

With smartphones the camera acts as a mirror so I looked at myself through it and took selfies. I always took endless amounts of selfies when I was drugged out. I have selfies of me overdosing in a toilet, just passing out in front of the mirror.

Ina Boom says that the best way to understand capitalist subjectivity is to think about it in relation to drugs and addiction. What are the most pro-capitalistic drugs?

Some drugs play on value, like meth for example. It sets an anti-capitalistic mood in a way, where there is no valid evaluation of money. With meth it's all about fucking as much as possible, injecting as many needles as possible, always more. I used to inject meth and whatever drugs came along and go to this old painting supplies shop in NYC. On these occasions I would literally buy every piece of pencil, marker, chalk and color pencil in every shade available. My consumer experience was totally out of control. As a drug addict you do not conceptualize it whilst living it, like "ok, I am high from a consumerist-capitalistic perspective right now". You really don't think like that, those thoughts start to develop after you get clean. What I remember most is my credit card getting maxed out and my apartment and studio getting maxed out too. I had suddenly found myself with 20 assistants -that I hired- and 2 months later I could not pay their salaries.

You spoke about your show The Casual Pleasure of Disappointment, as a psychopathological department store. It made me think about the phenomenon known as the Gruen Transfer, a scenario where consumers enter a shopping mall or store and -surrounded by an intentionally confusing layout- lose track of their original intentions. This condition in turn makes them more susceptible to make impulsive buys.

When I look back at that show at Red Bull Arts, I was at this stage where I was going back and forth between different drug addictions. That whole show was about feeling completely bummed out. You had all these people that epitomize a certain New York coolness and then you realize that you are so far away from any aspect of cool. For instance, I realized that I was never cool anyway. For me the whole journey of being coked out at parties, to shooting up with a semi famous person in a backroom to your bathroom at 10am, meth pipe in hand, smoking was revelatory. There is a moment when you just realize that you have nothing. I had hardly any money left, but I managed to get a new credit card from my bank so I could buy more clothes and kept buying even though I did not have anybody to go out with or have dinner with anymore.

You can talk about a capitalist structural critique when it comes to the show but for me it was more personal I guess. I was reconsidering what I had built and I remember thinking to myself if I give all these clothes away who fucking cares anymore. The show was a dystopian

BJARNE MELGAARD

FUCK MIRACLES



A bull market is a market trend is a perceived tendency of financial markets to move in a particular direction over time, usually upwards thus encouraging investors to buy more shares. The S&P 500 has gained 100% since its start in one long bull market. The S&P 500 bottomed on March 9, 2009, and the bull market celebrated its anniversary in early 2019. The S&P 500 has gained 100% since its start.

BJARNE MELGAARD

"I told them that they are all a bunch of fucking losers"

DOW
21,517.89
▲133.61 0.62%

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BUSINESS
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MARKET
ALERT

SILVER 16.46 ▼ 0.20

S&P 2452.47 ▲ 19.32

MARKET ALERT

STARWOOD PPTY TRUST (STWD) 1,733@22.82 ▲ 0.26 | BIG LOTS



BJARNE MELGAARD

- supermarket curated by Babak Radboy who works with Telfar and Eckhaus Latta and all these hipster people who, at that time, started to find me really annoying. Because as a drug addict you can cross a line. You are interesting at some point, people love you because you're fucked up and crazy until you just become annoying. You just become this sweaty, uninteresting, dull person that nobody wants to hang out with anymore. You check your eyes 20 times a minute because you're so scared that everybody is going to see how gone you really are. It's interesting because this past month a lot of people have been asking me about that show. What I remember is me packing up and running away from America because I was in so much debt. You can talk about a capitalist critique, but for me it was more personal. I was reconsidering what I had built and I remember thinking to myself "who fucking cares if I give all these clothes away?"

What about the Narcotic Anonymous streetwear collection and Miracles? Narcotics Anonymous uses the word "miracle" in relation to recovery. That's what you're first told when entering those groups: "to get sober you need a miracle to happen". In the collection that you are referring to there's a drawing of a little guy pissing on the word "miracle". In a way the guy is pissing on the ideas of NA; the sponsor, the meetings and the powerlessness over addiction that these groups promote. I've been to any conceivable 12 steps program around the world and never felt like I could freely share my feelings in those groups. Every time I opened my mouth there was someone saying, "well you know Bjarne that's not really appropriate sharing. You have to talk about those things with your sponsor." So with the collection I was basically saying that NA is the biggest scam of the century. The collection sold out and all the remaining clothes; in my storage in Norway, were stolen by my drug dealer.

In a way the limits of the NA tries to program addiction and recovery to a binary moralistic language. They limit the individual's experience. With the street wear collection, we did a reverse 12 steps program with axioms like "never give up your power to a higher entity," and other reversed concepts. It's not reassuring or helpful to sit in these groups and realize that your addiction doesn't fit. In rehab facilities I always felt like I was destroying the group atmosphere. I remember being in a very expensive 12 steps program in England and being involved within very cruel S&M hardcore group at the time. I felt really disturbed about it and tried to share my experiences within the group. In the program we were supposed to be open and share about everything, so I spoke about it. But it was bullshit. You can't really share anything, especially if it's sexual. Even if you're in a gay 12 steps program. Those are the worse actually. They're open to sharing about Grindr dates but they don't want to speak about shooting up 10 times with the same needle that you shared with other guys. They want a kind of streamlined sharing. They don't want to hear about doing so much coke that you have nose bleeds for four consecutive days. At the end these groups are for people who love to listen their own voices because outside of the group nobody wants to listen to these people because they are so fucking boring.

I've been to rehab numerous times and tried the 12- steps, but it never worked for me, so I totally relate. You enter these places in a vulnerable state and then you feel undesired and judged, like, you're so beyond repair.

What was interesting when I started doing my research on the 12 step program, is how many AA groups were actually reported to the police for stealing all the group's money and also how many young women get raped by their sponsors. When I was younger and before drugs made me look like shit, I was in this group where people were basically just trying to get laid. I think it's a really perverse thing, like why would you want to become a sponsor?

It's a priest-like call.

I think it exposes a perversion that we all have, to dig into the uttermost secrets of every person, and these people just thrive on that. In New York for example, you have NA for the poor junkies and you have NA for the art world. I used to go to an "Art world NA" and before I knew it nobody wanted to talk to me. People like Marilyn Minter, Ryan McGinley, Jason Ashito were helping me out in the beginning but then you relapse more than twice and they were like 'okay now you can go to the group for the sad people.'

In Sadie Plant's 'Writing on Drugs' there is a passage that says how "When we are writing on drugs, we are the ghost writer of drugs, our drugs are ghost-writing us" You are also a writer, how do you write on drugs or do drugs write through you?

I'm currently finishing my second novel. It's going to be in Norwegian and, published by Oktober. They are also the publishers of Knausgård. It's in Norwegian, translatable to English as *The Leftovers*.

I've been sober for 2 years now so of course it's not written on drugs, although parts of it speak about addiction in a rather crude way. For instance I came to realize that the main cause of my addiction wasn't trauma, but laziness. Every time there was a problem in my life, every time I needed to get moving, every time I needed to get sleep, I always turned to drugs. So, I wanted to write something that debunks the whole mythology of the drug addict as a complex, societal victim or anti-hero.

Your project "A House to Die In" is a long-term project that you started in 2011 at the ICA. The idea was to build a house inspired, or loosely inspired by narcotecture. And in this house, there would be a drug room and it would be like a small complex with different rooms that would serve different purposes, like a drug room for instance. Where did you get this idea?

A House to Die In started with me wanting to merge architecture with art but at the same time doing something that was neither architecture nor art. In a way it dealt with the idea that you need art to do something against nature and you need architecture to do something against art. It followed a "drug addiction" logic in the sense that I wanted it to be non-progressive in the traditional sense of constructing a house, make plans etc. My idea was to design a house as a drug. So, I said to Snøhetta, the architecture firm I was working with- if we're going to do this, I want to make abstract drawings, those will be my concept of the house.

BJARNE MELGAARD FUCK MIRACLES



A bull market is a market trend is a perceived tendency of financial markets to move in a particular direction over time, usually upwards thus encouraging buying and stimulating the economy. The defining story of the 2010s on Wall Street is the fact that the 2010s started and ended in one long bull market. The S&P 500 bottomed on March 9, 2009, and the bull market celebrated its 10-year anniversary in early 2019. The S&P 500 has gained 361% since it began.

► DOW
21,517.89
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BJARNE MELGAARD

"I told them that they are all a bunch of fucking losers"

SILVER 16.46 ▼ 0.20 S&P 2452.47 ▲ 19.32

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FUCK MIRACLES

So, if I understand correctly it is the idea of how drugs, or the experience of drugs could be translated into a physical space?

Yes, but also with how private spaces change when we start consuming substances in them.

It also challenges the idea of home in a way

Yeah, for me it was also the idea of obliterating the idea of home. I think every drug addict has this feeling: you're in your home and you do drugs there, at first you feel safe and then suddenly you feel overwhelmed by this insane paranoia. So the idea of the house had to include all the things you hear and feel in that paranoid state.

When thinking about the project aesthetically, the scenography from Robert Wiene's German expressionist movie 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' keeps popping up. In a way a house that feels like being in a nightmare, where every shape is aggressive, dark.

I drew a lot when on meth and Adderall. The more drugged out I became, the more spaced out the drawings became. So, I wanted these abstractions to become the basis of the architecture. The studio translated my abstract drawings into viable architecture models via a software that they invented. The program turned these abstract drawings into 3D architectural renderings.

Doing drugs, in an extreme capacity is a shy or agnostic suicide. So, in a way, A House to Die In states that a society that's more accepting of drug use is collectively reconfiguring its attitude towards death.

In the end, the whole A House to Die In project lasted for 7 years before being stopped by the Norwegian Artist Foundation and Norwegian Cultural Participants who sought the support of ultra-right-wing parties to get the house stopped from being built. One of the reasons given was that it was too close to Edvard Munch's property. Its like ok, but who gives a fuck! The idea that a known drug addict like myself would dare ask to build a privately-funded, monumental building was offensive to them. The project was heavily criticized in the press too due to the fact that people were saying that I was building a drug cathedral. They didn't want to hear the voice of an empowered drug addict. Society wants the drug addict to be either this kind of poet who sits at home and smokes opium or someone who evokes pity.

The transaction of pity is reassuring.

Once on a radio program in Norway I said that the people who lived around the site for A House to Die In were a bunch of fucking losers, and that went national. Public opinion was like how dare he –a drug addict artist who's done all these awful shows- imply that there were any other losers in Norway other than him. People thought I was doing it because I wanted to build a monument for myself after I was dead. I was in this panel meeting last week around the Munch museum, a big Norwegian sculpture collector and someone from the foundation for dead artists asked me what my plans for my works were after I'm dead. That question has a lot to do with A House to Die In. I politely said that I couldn't give a fuck about what happens to my work after I'm gone. You can take the rest of my work and throw it in a dumpster. The whole idea with art is to place yourself in a historical context before you're dead. You know like 'I have historical significance', it was very important for me to dismiss that.

A wasted life is contextual. It's something that's accepted in the music world for example, encouraged even. You have worked closely with musicians and bands. Is society more accepting of a wasted musician, than a wasted artist?

I definitely think that there is a huge difference between art and music. For example, when I was working with all the black metal bands like Satyricon, Mayhem, Dark Throne, Emperor etc in the late 90s and early 00s. I noticed that the black metal community was full of alcoholics. I always felt that this makes a bit a difference. In that hierarchy of addiction, alcoholics are held in more esteem than drug addicts. I felt that a lot in 12-step programs in New York for example, where you were always encouraged to go in AA groups. There you really feel the social divide. People really look at you like a piece of shit because you're a drug addict. You're not a suffering 12-stepping, white, heterosexual alcoholic.



BJARNE
FUCK MIRACLES



CAVELGAARD

THE CASUAL PLEASURE OF DISAPPOINTMENT



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SILVER

TRUST (ST)

24.47

19.32

2.82

0.26

21

17.89

61.062%

MARKET ALERT

G LOTS

Serenity Prayer

God grant me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change;
courage to change the things I can;
and wisdom to know the difference.

Living one day at a time;

Enjoying one moment at a time;

Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;

Taking, as Jesus did, this sinful world
as it is, not as I would have it;

Trusting that He will make all things right
if I surrender to His Will;

That I may be reasonably happy in this life
and supremely happy with Him

Forever in the next.

Amen.

--Reinhold Niebuhr

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A

GUUSTAV ELIJAH ÅHR
(NOVEMBER 1, 1996 – NOVEMBER 15, 2017)

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A

CASTLES™

CASTLES II: SIEGE & CONQUEST™

can't to be king?
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CASTLES II

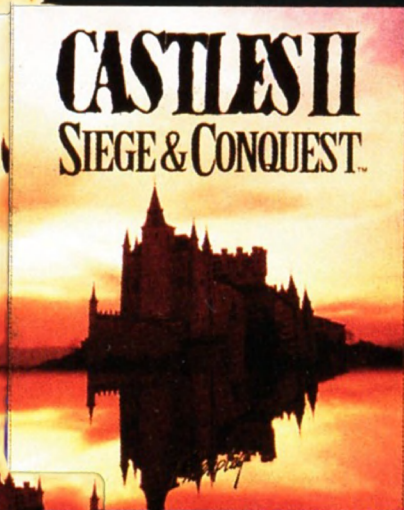


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dead--what a
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CASTLES II
SIEGE & CONQUEST.



FANDOM ALERT

Larger Than Life

TOUCHING EMO FAN LETTER POSTED BY u/mmmiiimmmiiii / REDDIT

I first heard of Peep about 3 years ago when I started dating my boyfriend. He's really into the underground scene and Peep was by far his favorite. At first, I really didn't get it. Who was this pink haired, tatted skinny white guy? Was it rap? Was it emo? I didn't know for sure, but it was something that I've never heard or seen before. But you couldn't ignore it. You can't escape the hypnotic melodies, the lo-fi beats and his bewitching personality. We had all his albums, we discussed his exploding career regularly and his music became a standard to which we held everyone else to. He was entertaining, funny, passionate and a genius in his own right. Peep was never shy about his depression, his addictions nor any of his demons. You heard it in the songs he wrote, the melodies he sang, the tweets he'd send, the Instagram stories he'd post.

Through his transparency, as someone who suffers from depression and anxiety, I saw an artist I could relate to. He was never influencing us to live his type of life style. Matter of fact, he often spoke against the things he did and was very open with his struggles. Through his songs he made us reflect on our own struggles and demons. But as someone who has used drugs to numb the pain, to - even if it was just for an hour - feel something other than the overwhelming feeling of fear, anger, sadness, hatred and failure; he was someone who understood. There was no record company covering his tracks, there was no manager spinning the stories in a different way. It was Peep and us. We never felt like we owned him or like he owed us anything. You just wanted to see him succeed more than anyone, because we all saw ourselves in him.



@mattmcandless



u/AMG-BENZ



u/bpdbitch666



u/stormodhran



u/poptart62

'BEST' OF PEEP FAN-FICTION

■ I'll be Romeo, If You'll be Juliet by infinityhate/ Wattpad

After Gus finds a depressed and insecure baddie at a super market buying Peeps, he becomes interested. Quickly becoming close. Obvious flirting and loving comments towards each other but both blind of them. Gus just wants to be her Romeo, and Romeo is tired of waiting for his Juliet.

Triggering If easily -triggered-offended-upset do not read.

I walked into the store. Easter decorations everywhere. I love the pastel decorations that covered every store when spring came around. I immediately walked to the section of the sweets. I always stock up on Easter candies because they're so amazing. I grab bags of sweets and toss them into my bag. I went to grab a box of peeps, a tattooed hand landed on top of mine. I looked up and pulled my hand away, embarrassed.

"Sorry sir." I whispered, my heart beating quickly.

"Oh it's okay, sweetheart"

My face blushed as I look down at my beat up converse. Holes everywhere. I should probably get new ones then buy all this candy. God I'm fucking pathetic. I buy candy instead of new fucking shoes that I have needed since my birthday.

"That's an awful lot of candy you've got there, you having a party?" he asked as he grabbed two boxes of peeps.

"Oh-uh n-no" my face went red, realizing more than before that I had no friends.

Ugh. I need friends. But friends don't want me or need me.

"Well you can't eat all that by yourself! You're way too small"

"I do what I want, sir. And how do you know what I can do?" I folded my arms acting as confident as possible.

"I don't know. But I wouldn't mind if you showed me." He joked

He smiled, obviously amused by his and I conversation.

"By the way, I'm Gus. Short for Gustav" he bowed playfully

"I am Pip, short for Piper."~



■ My New Adopted Dad (A Lil Peep Fan Fiction) By Percy Stilinski-Talbot

Jessie is a 16 year old who has lived in High Hopes Orphanage since she was 3 weeks old. Gustav Ahr, aka Lil Peep, wants to adopt a child who might be able to help with his depression. Jessie is a fan of his and he goes to her orphanage. Lil Peep sees her a happy kid and she makes him smile. So, he adopts her and they help each other. To find out more, follow Lil Peep's and Jessie's journey as father and adopted daughter.

Chapter 3: A Little Bit of Father Daughter Time

I love my new home and then your father. I'm happy that I finally been adopted. Dad was in the lounge room, watching a show. I got up from my bed and went into the lounge room. The show looked interesting. I sat down next to him and watched the show, he didn't seem to mind.

Dad muted the TV. I turned my face to dad. "I thought I might tell you this now," he said, "I'm going on tour in America and Europe which starts tomorrow. I'm touring with Lil Tracy. You can either stay here or you can come with me on tour. I thought about it and I chose to go on tour with him."

The TV show ended roughly forty minutes later Dad and I groaned once the ads started. Dad got up from the couch and went to get something from the kitchen. He came back and gave me a can of Mountain Dew.

"Thanks Dad," I thanked, as I got the Mountain Dew can. "You're welcome kid" Dad and I watched the show for majority of the day.

That was okay because it means father daughter time.

Exert from Chapter 4: Can't Sleep

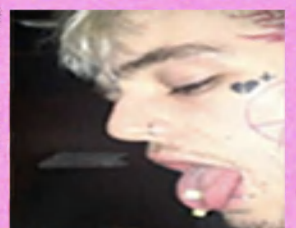
I stayed in my bedroom for a little while and I try to fall asleep a few more times. It didn't work. So I got up from my bed and walked out of the room. I started walking towards dad's room which wasn't too far from my room. I lightly knocked on the door and heard a faint "come in". I open the door and walked into his room. He was laying on his bed looking at his phone. I walked up to him and said down next to him.

He looked at me "why are you still awake?" He asked.

"I can't sleep," I answered.

He offered me to stay in his room with him until I would be ready to go back to my room. I took the offer. He turns the TV on and let me choose what show we watched. I immediately chose SpongeBob Squarepants. I love SpongeBob.

PASSING BY, NO ONE NOTICED MY ANGEL WINGS



COME OVER WHEN YOU'RE
SOBER



2020 BIG CHUNGUS
2021 BIG CHANGES

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
COME OVER WHEN YOU'RE
U.S.B.A.

LIL PEEP MEMORIAL, THE ROCK, TUCSON, AZ, 2017



pop star of tomorrow

lil Peep online fan memorial

с ней я вел себя как ангел

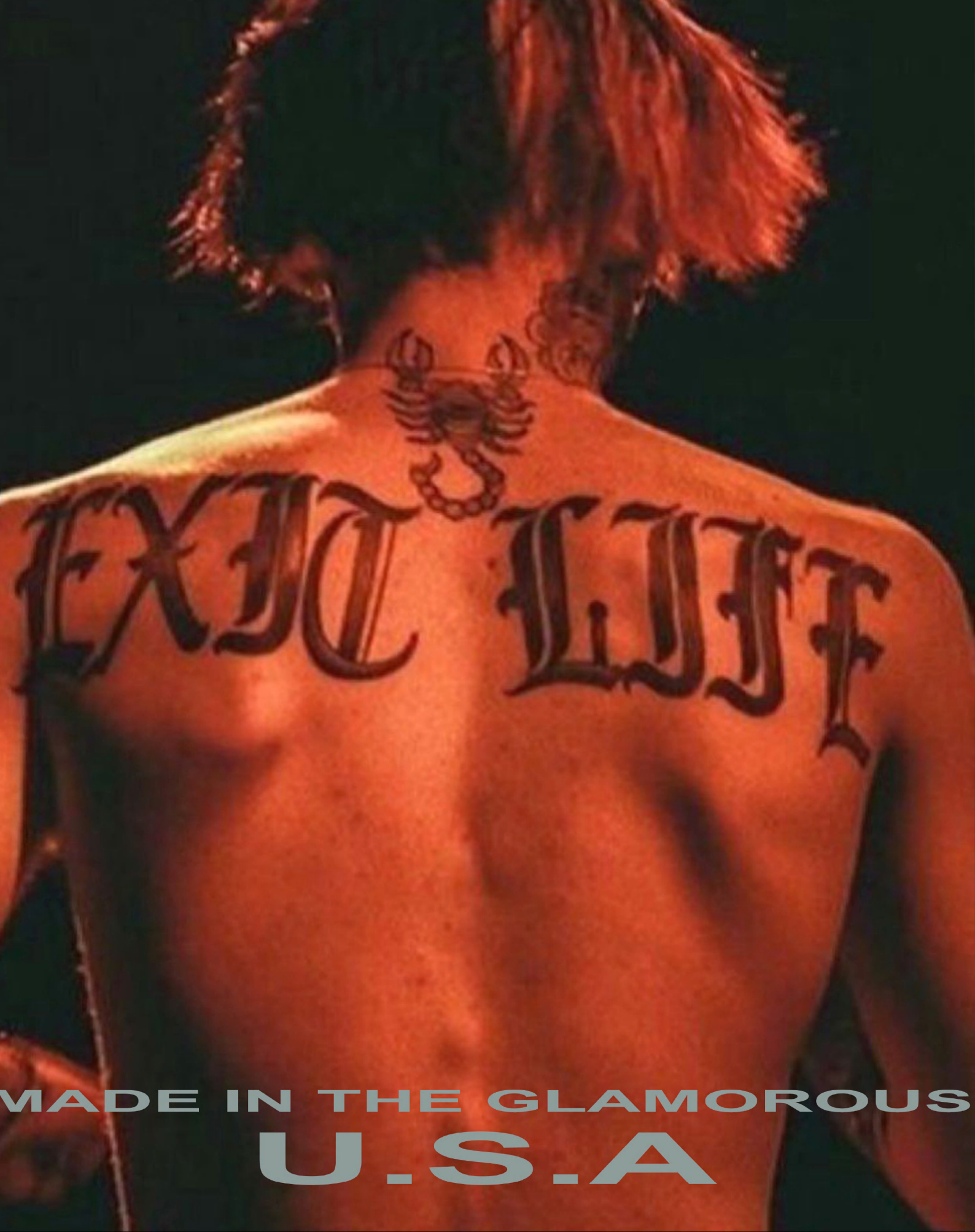
МАЛЕНЬКИЙ
ПИИП

still in the early stages of its march

After his death, the Post Malone tattooed Peep's face on his arm. Good Charlotte covered one of his songs, and it was played at his memorial service. Musicians from Uzi Vert to Pete Wentz publicly mourned.

As a musical concern, however, Peep (born) is still much closer to the beginning of his career than its peak, a catalytic presence but still a nebulous one. That left an unusual challenge for his family and collaborators: What to do with the unheard work by an innovator whose vision was only truly take hold. Who was to decide the future of his unreleased music? Was Peep meant to be a hero of the pop mainstream?

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A



MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A

WHEN ONE SEEKS TO PURSUE VIRTUES TO EXTREMES,
VICES EMERGE.



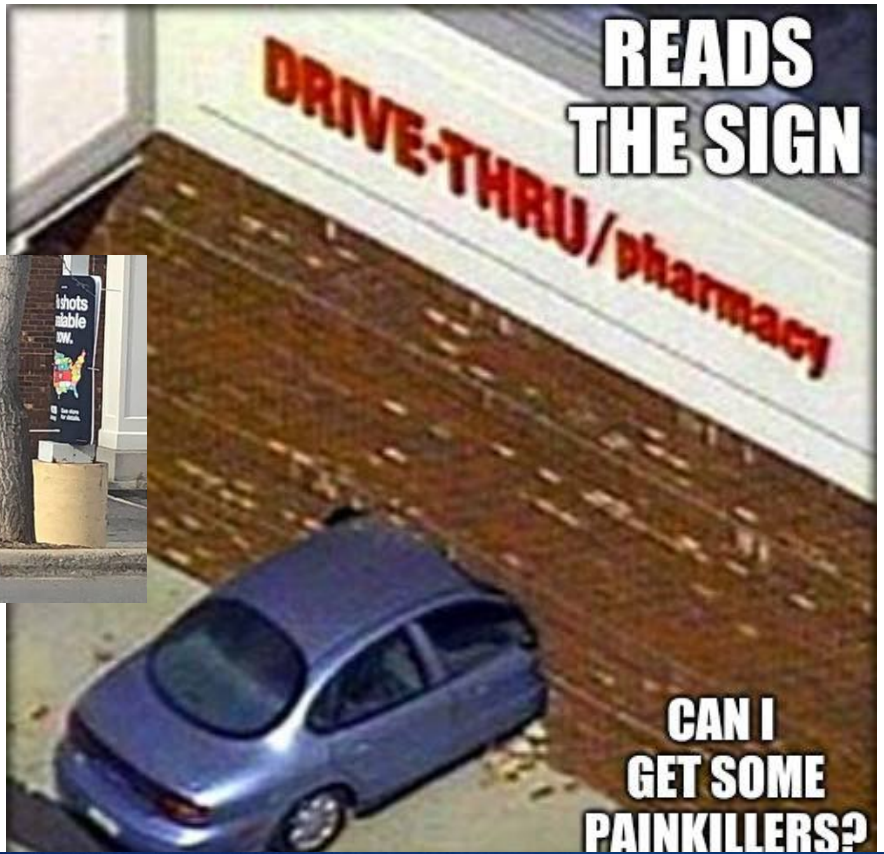
CRASH

Catastrophist architect **James Wines** redesigns drug store buildings - NYC based writer Mr.**Patrick McGraw** hits Oppenheimer Park in a special Gonzo-style report on Vancouver's DTES opioid mayhem - Degeneracy is celebrated irl and url as **SimsVille** gets wild and lit with a new drug mod while Darling-child Paradiso **Toys "R" Us** bankrupts



S I T E

Architecture Art Design
Established in 1970



BEST Products Indeterminate Façade Showroom in Houston, Texas, 1975



Ghost Parking Lot, Hamden, Connecticut
(1978)

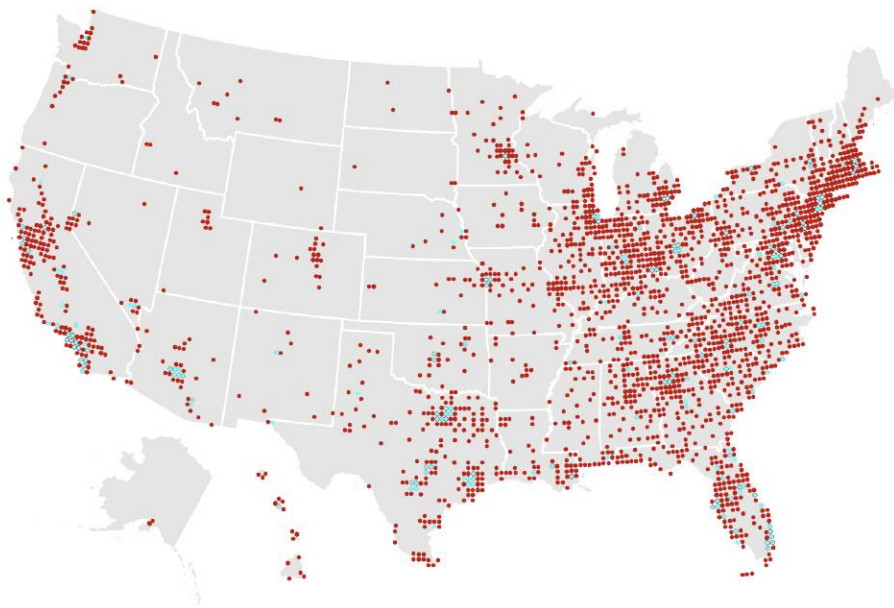




**BEST Parking Lot Building designed for locations in Houston, Texas,
and Los Angeles, California, 1976.**

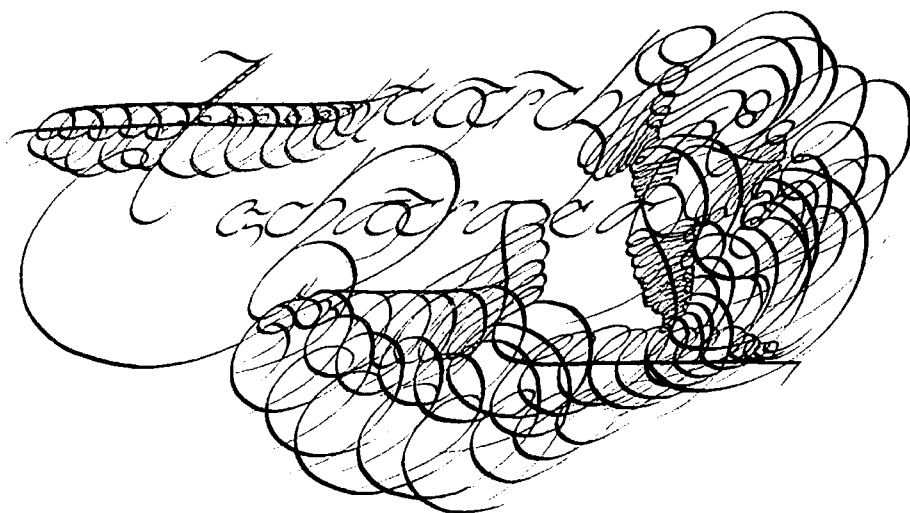


● 5 or less ● Greater than 5



Cvs Pharmacy Locations in the USA
Each grid point covers 10-mile radius with atleast one location
Source: ScrapelHero.com





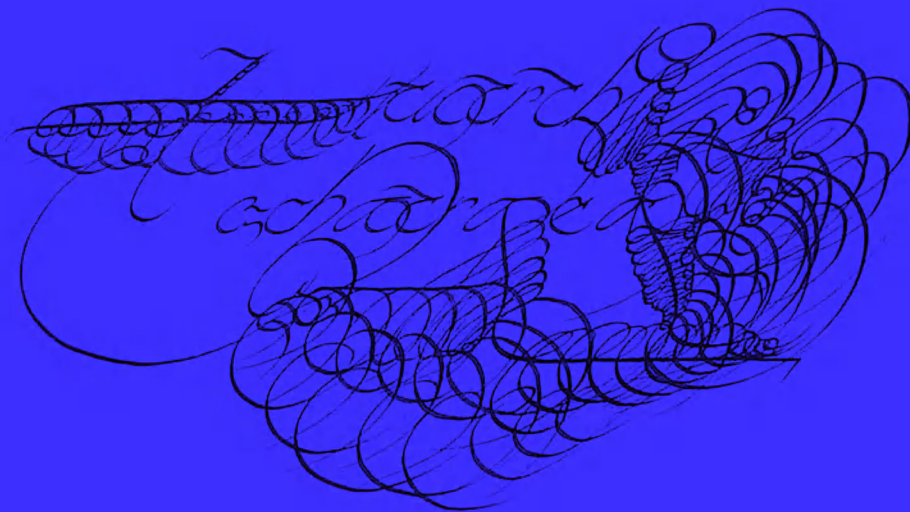
Vancouver is a dull city. Maybe it's the rain or the dull sense of Canadian-ness that seems to hang over the entire country. But even with it's dullness, Vancouver has a death drive that has festered for decades in its Downtown Eastside neighborhood. The DTES is hard to envision, even after being there. Commonly referred to as one of the worst ghettos in North America, opioid overdoses in the area have gone up by over 500% in the past decade, with 100% of opioid users testing positive for fentanyl last year. Opioid abuse is so prevalent in the DTES that in 2020 an opioid vending machine will be installed to enable quicker access to Hydromorphone in an attempt to curb fentanyl use. The DTES shares a similar predicament as other places on the West Coast in that for many, it's the last stop. Junkies race to it from the east and drugs come to it from the ocean (West).

Vancouver is sometimes called "Hollywood North," since the tax incentives it offers have made it the third largest TV & film production center in North America. Aesthetically this sobriquet is an aid for outsiders whose only way of comprehending the DTES is as a movie set. Block after block of unpoliced drug

use, prostitutes, open-air stolen goods markets, and century old single-room occupancy buildings with neon signs hanging off of them (ten-story tall crack houses). It's a style of rudown-ness that you wouldn't have thought still exists in North American cities.

You can see Vancouver's port from the DTES. Junkies can literally watch their drugs arrive in shipping containers that say "Hyundai" on the side. Surrounding the DTES is the rest of Vancouver — the world's fourth most expensive real-estate market. But the DTES is segregated from that Vancouver, although attached to it physically. Maybe that's the way they like it on the DTES, to be left alone.

Recently I stood on a corner and spoke with two self-proclaimed junkies who had just stolen a bike. They talk about fentanyl like it's a god — an entity that will come and take them in the night, god willing. But they also smile and laugh when they talk about it, like it's an inside joke. One of the men's jaws has started to slack like an overused rubber-band. The other seems young and out of place, like he's been cast in this tragedy by mistake.



Drugs help you communicate with others and say something about who you are as a person. On brick walls and garage doors in the DTES and bordering neighborhoods, the desolate write messages for each other when they have no other means to communicate; “Ella is sleeping at shelter on Powell,” “I changed plans, sorry,” “Come find me at Colonial,” “Curtis is dead FYI.” The Indigenous Canadian population uses calls that have been passed down through generations. Whistles and howls that were once used to communicate during hunts and with spirits are now used to warn of police presence and to locate dealers.

that had already experienced widespread trauma because of opioids. But beyond this meaning, turbocharging describes the condition of cities and lives all across North America — an entire continent of people and places have been turbocharged.

In Vancouver I met with a physician who worked in a relief clinic directly on East Hastings Street, the center of the crisis. She and her well-trained colleagues had been at it for years, trying to make things better or at least less dour. I asked her if the situation had improved in the decade she’s spent there. She answered without hesitation: “Not at all.”

Back in 2018, the Massachusetts attorney general filed a lawsuit against Purdue Pharma and members of the Sackler family. In legal papers released during the case it was revealed that McKinsey & Company, the world’s most prestigious consultancy firm, had advised Purdue Pharma on how to “turbocharge” their sales of oxycontin. Turbocharging was meant to double annual sales by introducing opioids to markets where they weren’t needed as well as inventing strategies to sell to communities

MUNCHS
VINTERATELIER
built: 1928

BLARNE
MELGAARD

A
HOUSE
TOGETHER

the
STARS



the
STARS

The Sims 4



2020- “Basemental Drugs” is a collection of functional drugs for The Sims 4. The mod features custom and popular drugs, custom animations, altered walkstyles, altered moods, altered needs, come-ups, peaks, comedowns, hangovers, addiction, sickness, rehab and more.

257

Auntie	Basic
Cat Lover	Childish
	Codeine Fiend These sims cannot live without lean, they spend hella simoleons on lean, and they stay sleep all the time.
Dog Lover	Free Spirit
Hood Figure	Insane
Kleptomaniac	Lazy



THE SIMS





Lyrics

Said she in love with cocaina, love to sniff it, my nig
Gave her drops of LSD, and now she trippy, my nig
Told her if she get with me, I'll live life different, my nig

I'm official, ya dig?

Come get with me, lil bitch
Way high, way high, way high
Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high

Way high, way high, way high
Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high

Getting hard to tell what the fuck I'm on

Every verse I have, every hook is on
Plenty women 'round me with nothing on
Bad bitches only thing into my arms

Floating as you rolling
Smoking on this potent
Baby say she want a line
I gave her purple potion

Now I'm 'bout to go in
Got her body soaking
Stroke it 'til the morning

Well, I can't forget the Trojan
Way high, way high, way high
Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high

Way high, way high, way high
Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high
Stay high, stay high

Said she in love with cocaina, love to sniff it, my nig
Gave her drops of LSD, now she trippy, my nig
Told her if she get with me, I'll live life different, my nig

I'm official, ya dig?

Come get with me, lil bitch

This is how it goes

Niggas sleepy high, wake up stoned

Clique up with my bros

Nigga, hit my line with my phone

Hop in the whip and I roll

Getting these women

Just giving them dick, that's for sho

Niggas is talking, we living it though

Finna' pull up in this bitch in my robe

Cozy Boyz sprinter on tour, fill it with hoes

They don't want drama, they gon' get exposed

My new bitch don't model

We drink out the bottle

Be so high, you probably think our eyes closed

Yo, Wiz, man, this shit finna' go

She in love with the coke

And I'm sipping the fo'

Sniffing lines off my dick

Put the tip of my dick in her nose

Whoa, where did we go?

Got my own papers. I don't got to send you to the store

Got a bitch who stash my weed and got another one to roll
Got a bitch from Instagram who want to fuck me on the low
First I slide up in them DMs then I slip into her throat

We stick to the code

Way high, way high, way high

Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high

Stay high, stay high

Stay high, stay high

Way high, way high, way high

Way high, way high

Everyday we stay high, stay high

Stay high, stay high

Stay high, stay high

Getting hard to tell what the fuck I'm on

Every verse a half, every hook is on

Plenty women 'round me with nothing on

Bad bitches only thing into my arms

Source: LyricFind

Songwriters: Rakim Mayers / Cameron Thomaz / Bryan James Sledge / Simmie Sims / Jeremiah Owens

Way Hii lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner Chappell Music, Inc, BMG Rights Management, Peermusic Publishing



Druggy toilet is druggy!!

Macy McCabe

Functional Medication by KittySims4

Bladder



Hunger



Energy



Fun



Social



Hygiene



VERY SAD

\$247,490

PAUSED

Sun. 6:31 AM



The
SIMS™

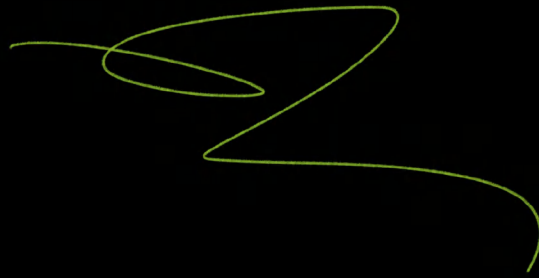


THE
Sims



the
Sims

“Later in the afternoon I go for a walk to Sutton Place Park. In front of me on a ledge overlooking the East River, an older man is fondling his toddler-sized gay lover’s ass. Behind me, in the relative safety of the city, one of the new skyscrapers is wrapped in plastic like an Italian-American families couch. The plastic blows in the wind.”



heavy traffic

heavytrafficmagazine.com



nce upon a time there was a girl
named Wendy who was very beautiful
and very happy and had lots of friends
but then one day she did some heroin and got
addicted and lost everything and then she died.

The End.



Life on heroin is no fairy tale.

Before you start using heroin, think about how hard it is to stop.

PARTNERSHIP FOR A DRUG-FREE AMERICA®

Bankrupt

Dasha Zaharova



In 1948, an ex WW2 US army cryptographer, by the name of Charles Lazarus founded a DC-based store that sold baby cribs and strollers, soon to become the beloved Toys “R” Us. Lazarus caught the wave of the horny, post-war baby-boom child overproduction by ingeniously selling toys supermarket-style. Ceiling-high shelves stacked up with toys, beyond what the eye can see. Heavily discounted prices became a staple as the company started buying in bulk directly from toy manufacturers to the joy of Toys “R” Us kids all-over the US as they ODeD on toy excessiveness for decades, turning the company into a \$12 billion colossus by 1990. Over the span of 60 years, the company became a shiny, plastic-symbol of the American retail dream, with 1,600 worldwide stores at its peak and a lavish 10,000 square ft Times Square store with a giant Ferris wheel.

Toys “R” Us went public in 1973- this meant that their stock could be bought and traded at the stock exchange. This was a big deal for the company since it could now raise its cash flow very fast. Taking a company public increases the liability for mismanagement since the lawful obligation to maximize shareholder profits becomes the leading priority. If your profits decrease, people won’t want your stocks, and by the holy rules of demand and supply, the fewer stocks desired the cheaper you will have to sell them. When you get to that point, your company gets devalued if the rich-boy cards are against you, and raising cash by releasing more stocks becomes impossible.

Yet, after solemnly selling its soul to Wall Street, Toys “R” Us enjoyed a successful phase- their stocks weren’t exactly a money-making machine, but they were cute and stable to have. Alas, hyper-deregulation fuelled by rising wealth inequality consequentially made Walmart the no.1 toy seller by the mid-90s. Lazarus retired as CEO in 94. Toys “R” Us sales went flat and profits began to decline. No one wants to buy your stocks when you’re down and Wall Street is oblivious to those not making a real return until they pick up again. This meant that the company could no longer rely on essential investment and funding from share sales, so it began devaluing. This pushed Toys “R” Us in a corner - giving it little choice but to get into a debt-trap to pay shareholders or sell the company and put it in different managerial hands. They could have tried to get a boost loan and charge themselves up to beat the shit out of Walmart, but they didn’t, so in 2005, they sold it to the Wallstreet equivalent of fentanyl-laced pill dealers- vulture capitalists. They sold to three vultures: a real estate investment firm named Vornado, and two private equity firms named KKR and Bain Capital.

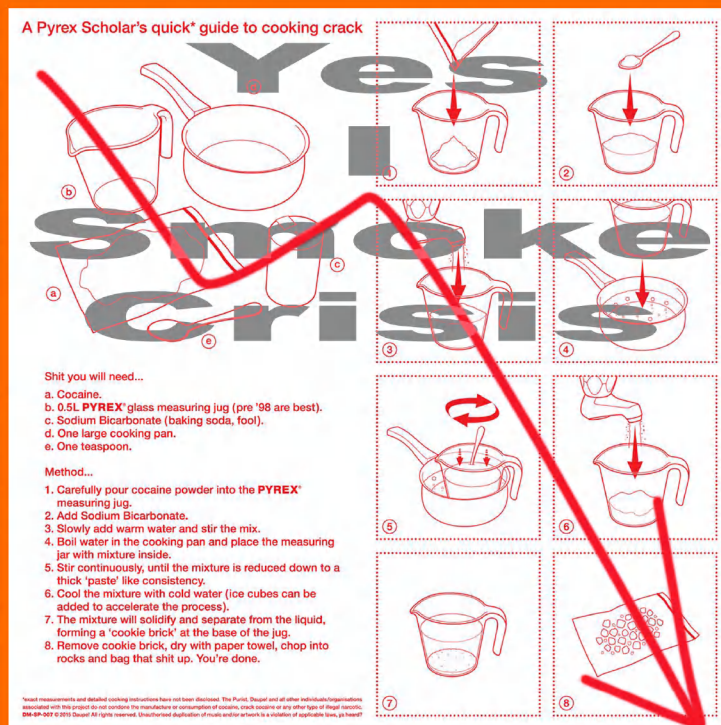


Vulture capitalists -nasty and disturbing at their core- are investors that acquire desperate, sinking businesses and sell them at a profit. They use aggressive investing tactics and highly unethical methods to pump-up the value of businesses, often through shady non-value-adding schemes. Buyoffs by vultures usually happen through leverage buyouts- one company's acquisition of another company using a significant amount of borrowed money to meet the cost of acquisition. The vultures that acquired Toys “R” Us hung the majority of a \$6.6 billion loan used to buy it off on the company itself. It’s like buying a shiny Benz truck on your grandma’s credit by using her house as collateral while convincing her that its ok since you’re pitching in your stimulus check. You know you gonna totally bankrupt her but you still do it for that Benz drip and the hoes.

This leverage buyoff put Toys “R” Us into an existential crisis. Apart from the \$5.3 billion borrowed to pay back with a loan costing \$400 million per year to service, they also had to pay up Bain Capital and the other two firms exorbitant advisory and management fees, around \$433 million yearly per firm. The vultures secured financial gluttony for themselves by cutting costs on just about everything they could. Employee wages were cut to the bare minimum and store maintenance was canceled. Things degenerated fast and the beloved stores tuned into a hot mess with customers reporting gigantic chunks of dust and ceiling soffits falling on them.

During this decline Toys “R” Us went survival mode and was no longer preoccupied with toys and customers. American late capitalism had

finally caught up with it, just like it did with those generations of kid customers, now adults, crushed by the system. The dream was over. Moreover, a failed dot-com era exclusivity deal with Amazon- where Toys “R” Us were cond into shutting down their online stores with the promise of being the sole toy supplier for Amazon (yeah right) and the rising online and irl competition from big-box retailers Walmart, Target and ex-ally Amazon gave Geoffrey the giraffe the final blow. Defeated, the company bled serious cash on ridiculous predatory management fees and debt and after a terrible 2016 holiday season, it was outflanked by rivals, missed targets attached to its bankruptcy loan, and breached covenants on the loan.



Toys “R” Us filed for bankruptcy in 2017, by the time it was drowning in \$7.9 billion worth of debt. Lazarus died a year later. Over 30,000 employees lost their jobs, all but two stores were shut down following heart-breaking 90% off discount sales worldwide. The case of Toys “R” Us bankruptcy sparked debates and calls for legislative action in the

direction of the underworld of finance and business to the tune of ‘Wall Street killed me” the mantra of NYC protests by former employees and customers equipped with banners and Geoffrey the giraffe tombstones. Naturally, the cry didn’t reach far: the notion that there’s more to life than money-grabbing isn’t a language that the system understands.

In 2019, nearly 1,500 store closings were announced. Today over a thousand undemolished former stores and warehouses lay abandoned across the country. A ghostly symbol of corporate failure, they are now used as hang out spots and drug dens.

An American Haunting

Toys “R” US in El Camino Real, Sunnyvale, California is said to be haunted, as a number of ghosthunters and thrill-seekers confirmed. “Johnson,” the name of the ghost allegedly haunting the store, was a preacher and ranch hand in the 1880s on what was then the Murphy family farm. Browne, a psychic investigating the reports said that “the ghost told her he had been in love with Murphy’s daughter Elizabeth, who ran off with an East Coast lawyer. Old news clippings say Johnson accidentally hacked his leg with an ax while carelessly chopping down trees. Another story said Johnson was found dead in the orchard with an ax wound in his neck. Both stories say he bled to death.”

Good News.

Tru Kids Brands' owners won the rights to the Toys "R" Us brand in October 2018. They also took over the former company's other assets and brands including Babies "R" Us, Geoffrey the Giraffe, and Imaginarium.

A month after opening two “immersive toy wonderlands” called Toys “R” Us Adventure and 17 months after the nationwide store shut down, the iconic toy brand opened a retail store at Westfield Garden State Plaza in Paramus, New Jersey. The store offers interactive play areas, propelling the toy giant into the world of experiential retail. Instead of aisles of toys like traditional Toys R Us stores had, the spaces inside the shop are more deliberate: there are four branded areas on the right side of the shop where kids can test out certain toys. “As you walk through this store, you’ll see that at every touchpoint there’s something for kids to get their hands on,” Barry said. “While we have lots of technology, one of the things that are very important to us is the fact that things are tactile.” There’s a Nerf Gun area where kids can shoot at targets. In the Paw Patrol space, children can test out products. At the Nintendo space, customers can test games, and at the Lego space kids can build their own city.



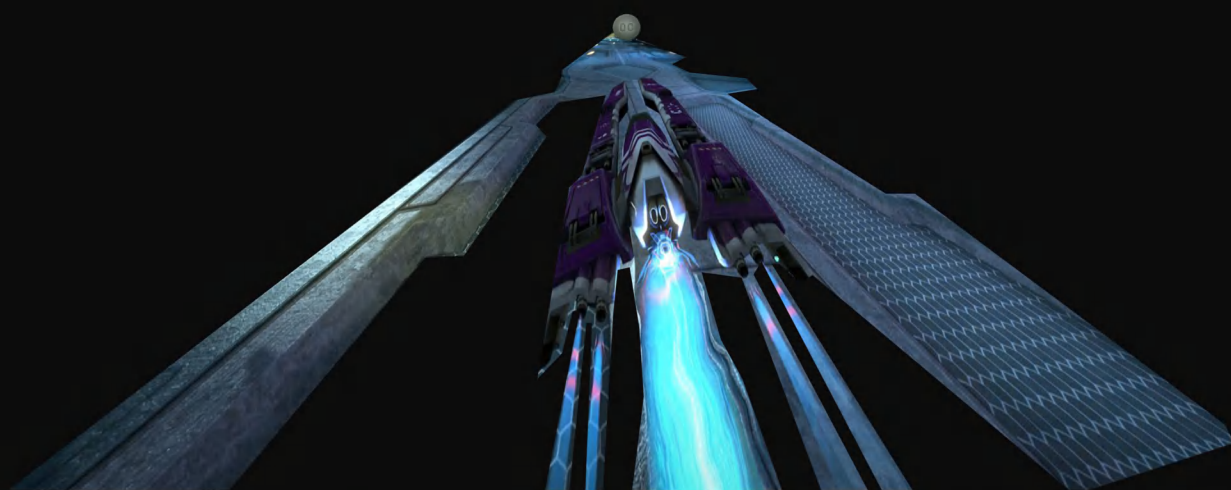


IT'S NOT SCIENCE FICTION.



AIRFORCE.COM

EXHAUSTED BY THE EFFORT OF CONCENTRATING ON THE TRAFFIC AND HOLDING THE
CARS AROUND US IN THEIR LANES, I TOOK MY HANDS OFF THE WHEEL AND LET THE
CAR PRESS ON.



CRAVING

Greek duo **Lifesport** turn drug-street-stalking into a commendable Olympic marathon - Philly-damned-sweetheart **Marcus Mamourian** tells us about Mountain Dew realness, percy itchiness, Coinstar kiosks and barfing hard at some airport - Artist **Mathis Altmann** plays with pharmaceutical liturgy and psychedelia malaise before we sail the South, sippin' on that syrup with **DJ Screw**, ly 4ever man rip



LIFE **N** SPORT



LIFE **N** SPORT



LIFE N SPORT



LIFE **N** SPORT

PC DVD-ROM

WOLF
DIO
2001
RapeLay
ANALYSIS
BOOK



18TM

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BOWLING FOR DUST



The St. Paul Minneapolis International Airport lies in a limbo zone. Built in Fort Snelling, an unincorporated section of Hennepin County, the land under the joint civil-military airfield belongs to neither city nor school district. It has a population of 149. I'd never been to Fort Snelling before, or Minnesota, or the Midwest. The furthest I'd traveled was Florida, and that was when I was 16. I went to the AAU 15U national basketball championship with my team, Philly Elite. Once Rasheed held my head under water at the hotel swimming pool for longer than I thought was funny. Now he plays in the NBA D-League.

Gates 11-13 in terminal four are empty today. Gate 12 has a small Coinstar kiosk, and next to it is a small, black receptacle with a few crumpled receipts inside. I throw up in it in the receptacle and return to my seat at what looks like a picnic table in an empty Walmart stock room. Neither the handsome young man in a Princeton Tennis t-shirt nor the Jewish family of six notice me. He is on his phone and the family is praying right up against the wall, supposedly facing toward Jerusalem, as per custom.

The Midwest reminds me of ESPN's 30 for 30 documentary about the Indiana Hoosiers and their superstar coach Bob Knight and the physical and emotional abuse accusations leveled against him. I relate places to movies I've seen, so I also think of the child sacrifices in *Children of the Corn* and the Louis Malle documentary about German immigrant farmers in Glencoe, Minnesota called *God's Country*. They believed they were "founding a city upon a hill at God's behest." While reading about the farming crisis of the 1980s—during which overproduction created the worst economic conditions that the agricultural sector had seen since the Great Depression—I notice that the youngest Jewish boy in the family shows an unmatched enthusiasm for the prayer. Dressed in a complicated arrangement of head and body gear, he looks like he could be a character out of *Mad Max*. Youth (pre-teen that is) brings with it both a gruesome irreverence for the sacred and a fearful veneration.

In my sweatshirt pocket is a crumpled emesis bag, the kind used to get sick into on flights. I brought it from my last flight, from Pennsylvania, with the foresight I might need it during the layover. The bag is ingeniously plastic-lined, invented by American businessman Gilmore Schjeldahl, a master of innovative adhesive technology. Diet Mountain Dew, when ice cold, is always especially thirst-quenching for me. But Roxicodone on an empty stomach makes you terribly nauseous, your mouth dry and your legs wobbly. It's a fight to hold down any fluid, even though your body desperately begs for even just one sip of a cold liquid. It's a struggle of mind against matter, and my body nearly always wins out, because I do not practice mindfulness or meditation. Still, I twist open a 20 oz. Dew from the nearby vending machine.

Roxicodone is a painkiller like OxyContin or Vicodin or Percocet that makes you feel euphoric and your whole body itch (an allergic reaction to the analgesic agent). It is a small tablet of oxycodone hydrochloride, and comes in five, fifteen, or thirty milligrams. When using, your eyes will become puffy and you won't sleep and you won't drink. If you do drink, you will puke. This goes on for hours, sometimes an entire 24, sometimes more. While most people think heroin makes you lazy, sprawled out on the ground with your eyes closed, a needle hanging out of your arm, sometimes opioids can act as stimulants. You become hyper-productive and do chores that you've been putting off for weeks. You answer formerly unread emails. Roxicodone is most dangerous when it's pressed, which it often is when brought on the street. Pressed pills are often mixed with fentanyl, increasing their strength and making them cheaper. Roxicodone should make you scared, because you can die relatively easily if you make one wrong step, but it usually doesn't.

I am not scared of flying. Not only do I find the statistics on plane crashes enough to settle any worry, but death itself seems so easy. Today, I'm all out of fear—I've already used up on the fear of making a physical, perhaps even emotional mess of myself in front of the praying Jews and the Princeton guy. A violent wave of fear in Minnesota is cutting, all-consuming, paralyzing. I feel my brain stop working when it hits.

Other than my own personal experiences, I learned about fear by watching Final Destination (2000). The FD franchise doesn't follow "fear" per se, but rather follows the simple pattern of "death" and its complex apparatuses, which in turn instills fear in the characters. The entire FD series is a morbid reworking of the greatest Rube Goldberg machine ever created—an association that has been made multiple times by the internet, but one that I still find interesting. Right as I begin reading an article on Complex called "The 10 Best Final Destination Death Scenes," I use my plastic-lined airsickness bag to expel a Dew-opioid-stomach acid mixture.

The order-out-of-chaos aesthetic ideology that exists in FD movies is inherently designed to give viewers a dose of pleasure. It's the same kick you get from morphine, Oxycontin, or codeine phosphate, but it's pretty "satisfying" to watch an unfortunate series of events unfold before your eyes, ending in an exploding or decapitated head. In Final Destination, Tony Todd—who most know from his role in 1992's Candyman as the first black horror movie monster—plays William Bludworth, owner of Bludworth Funeral Homes. He reappears throughout the franchise to provide the kids with minor insights into the mechanics of death, and how they might thwart it. His role is likely reminiscent of an morally-ambiguous angelic character out of a Greek myth. All Gone Wrong, a police thriller slated for late 2020 release, will star Tony Todd as a drug kingpin, who I assume is very familiar with Roxicodone, as he operates out of St. Louis, Missouri. Last year, Missouri had the second-highest increase in overdose-related deaths, trailing only Delaware.

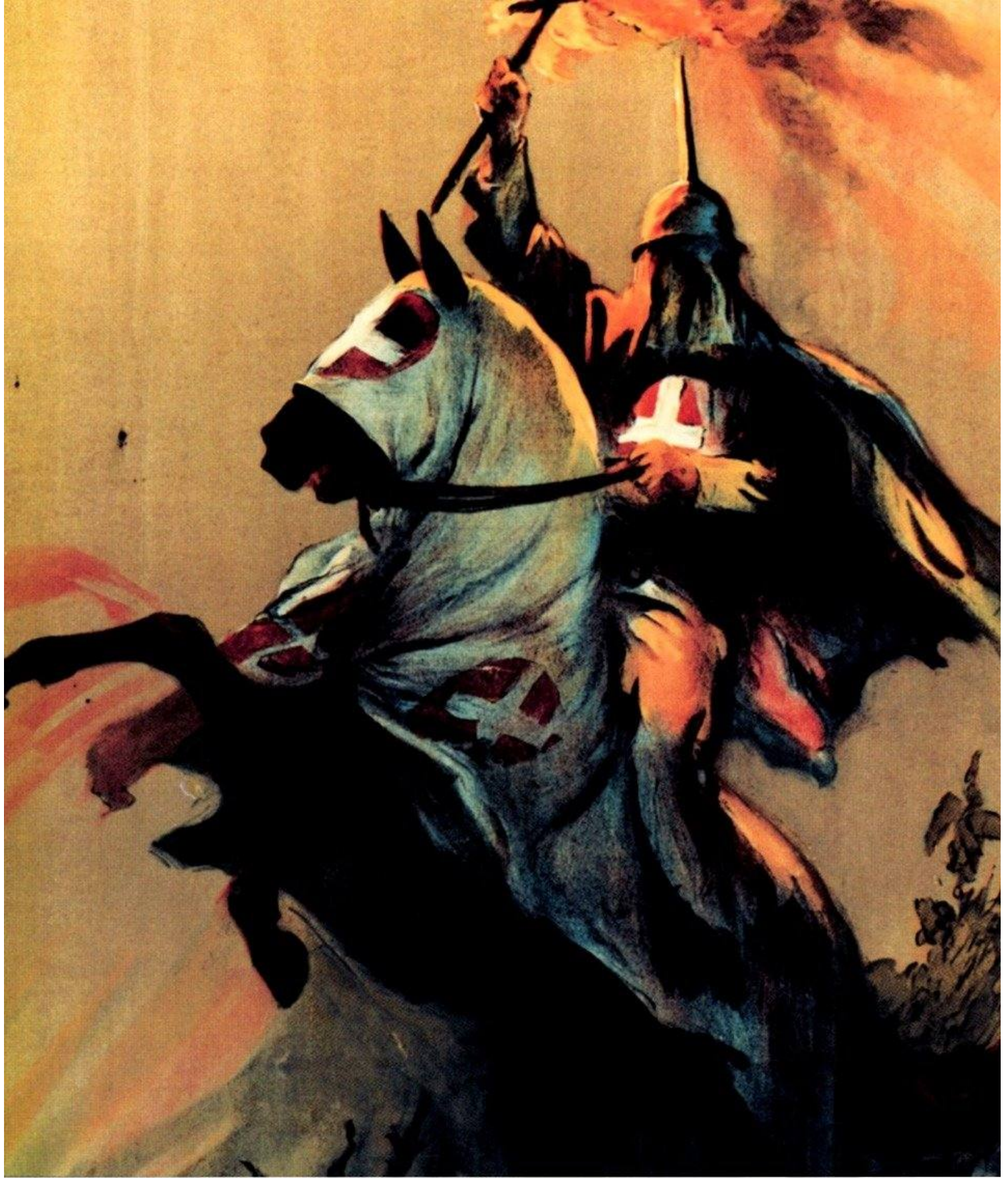
The Rube Goldberg machines in FD movies just kill you. Like opioids, they can work slow or fast, depending on their subject (I'm allergic to the word "victim"). A leak in your fridge's freon, which slowly drips and puddles around the cords connected to your desktop PC can take hours, days, maybe weeks to kill you in a house fire, whereas the aberrant path taken by a flying NASCAR stockcar's tire will impale your skull instantly. Death on impact. There is inherent danger in everyday life, this we know. Everything can be used against you, everything can kill you. Opioids, similarly, can work slowly: your dosage increases, you develop tolerance, you can't afford the pills so you switch to heroin, you lose your friends and your job and your house and your car, you have a few "near" ODs. You're walking dead, the light goes out from your eyes, and one day you really are dead. On the other hand, you can "experiment," accidentally try some fent junk at a party and die on the spot.

FD devices make death neat, an ordered process. Goldberg wanted his inventions to make toast, but death wants to use them to kill you, albeit in a silly way. It would be funny to watch a homemade Rube Goldberg Machine assist someone in suicide, but it would also be disturbing, and something I wouldn't actually want to see—I stopped watching gore videos when I was 19.

I go back to the trash can next to the Coinstar kiosk at gate 12 and stare at the screen. Coinstar's system isn't particularly unlike that of opioid analgesic agents or Rube Goldberg death machines. There are essentially three ways to use Coinstar's service: convert your coins into paper money for a fee, waive the fee and convert your coins into credit at a store like Starbucks, or donate your money. Inside the Coinstar machine, a chain reaction begins, converting my to make metal into paper, just as the chain chemical reaction is expanding through my body and my skin starts to itch like crazy.

A medical professional should always determine when it's okay for someone to take Roxicodone, but they make poor decisions like any of us. Sometimes a family member will have thyroid surgery and leave pills behind a bathroom mirror. You could share them with an old friend and watch Children of the Corn. While the 5mg contains only microcrystalline cellulose and stearic acid, the 15 and the 30mg contain corn starch and lactose. Because I'm lactose-intolerant, maybe the puking was caused by that all along, and it's actually okay to take these pills. Maybe this plane will go down and Rube Goldberg machines will start to serve a dignified purpose for the betterment of society. But much more likely, if we're going by statistics, these pills will make you puke and your plane will not crash and that Third Temple the Jewish family is waiting for will not be built in Jerusalem, and you will live out your life rewatching Final Destination, asking yourself how Tony Todd got to be so good at acting.





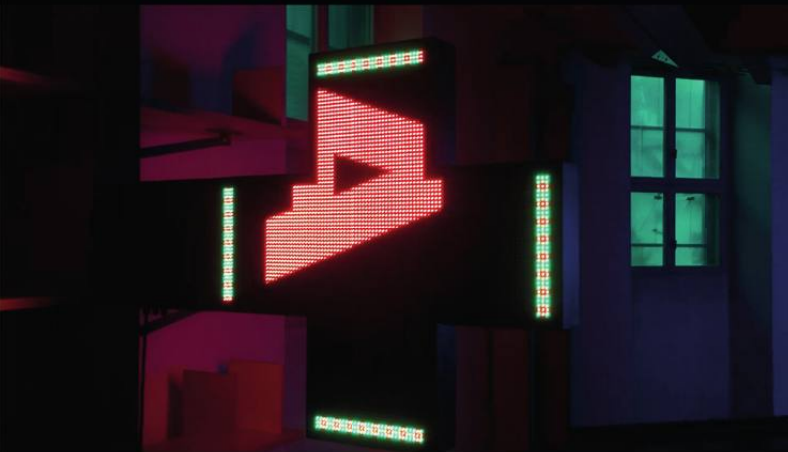
The Birth of a Nation

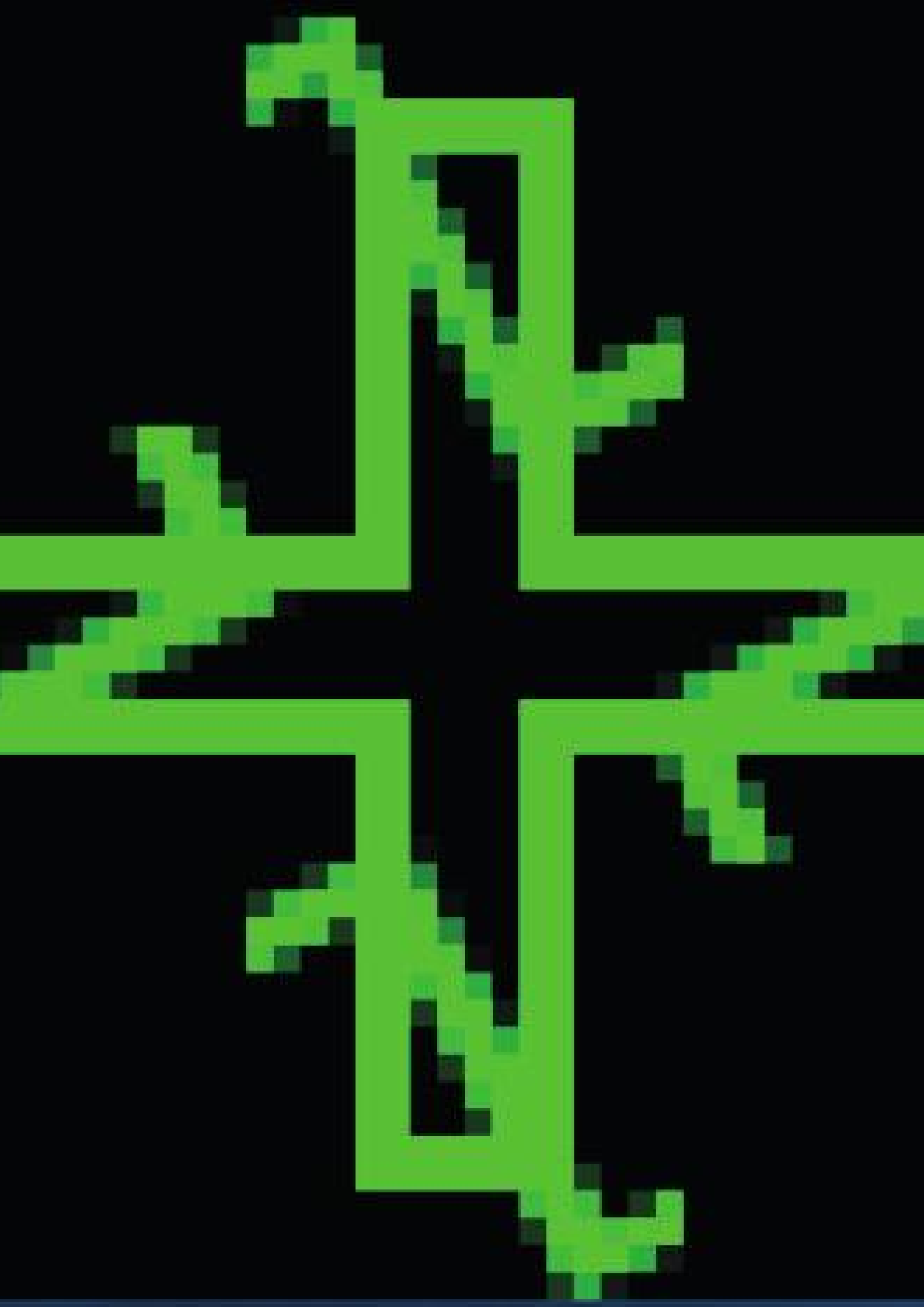


Mathis Altmann - Powerlifestyles excerpts, (Basel 2019)

Euro-pharmacy emblem gone wild? Mathis Altmann's crosses are the result of a pharmacopeia override, instead of promoting clarity, compassion, and ease it blasts excess, body deregulation and 1dollar solutions. The WHO's standards of human health are unreachable so let's stick to our biological Razzmatazz.







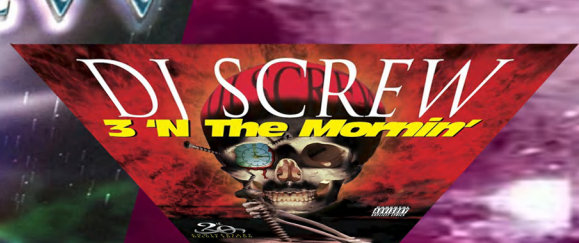






Robert Earl Davis Jr. (1971 – 2000) aka DJ Screw, was an American hip hop DJ based in Houston, Texas, best known as the creator of the legendary 'chopped and screwed' mixing technique. As the main man of Houston's Screwed Up Click, Screw released game changing albums and mixtapes up until his death in 2000, earning him a huge underground following and enough street cred for two lifetimes. Mainstream recognition and serious paper came posthumously tho.

DJ Screw was found dead inside his Houston recording studio in November 2020. He died of a codeine overdose.



THE LEGEND

IDEALISM IS A FORM OF SULKING



WARFARE

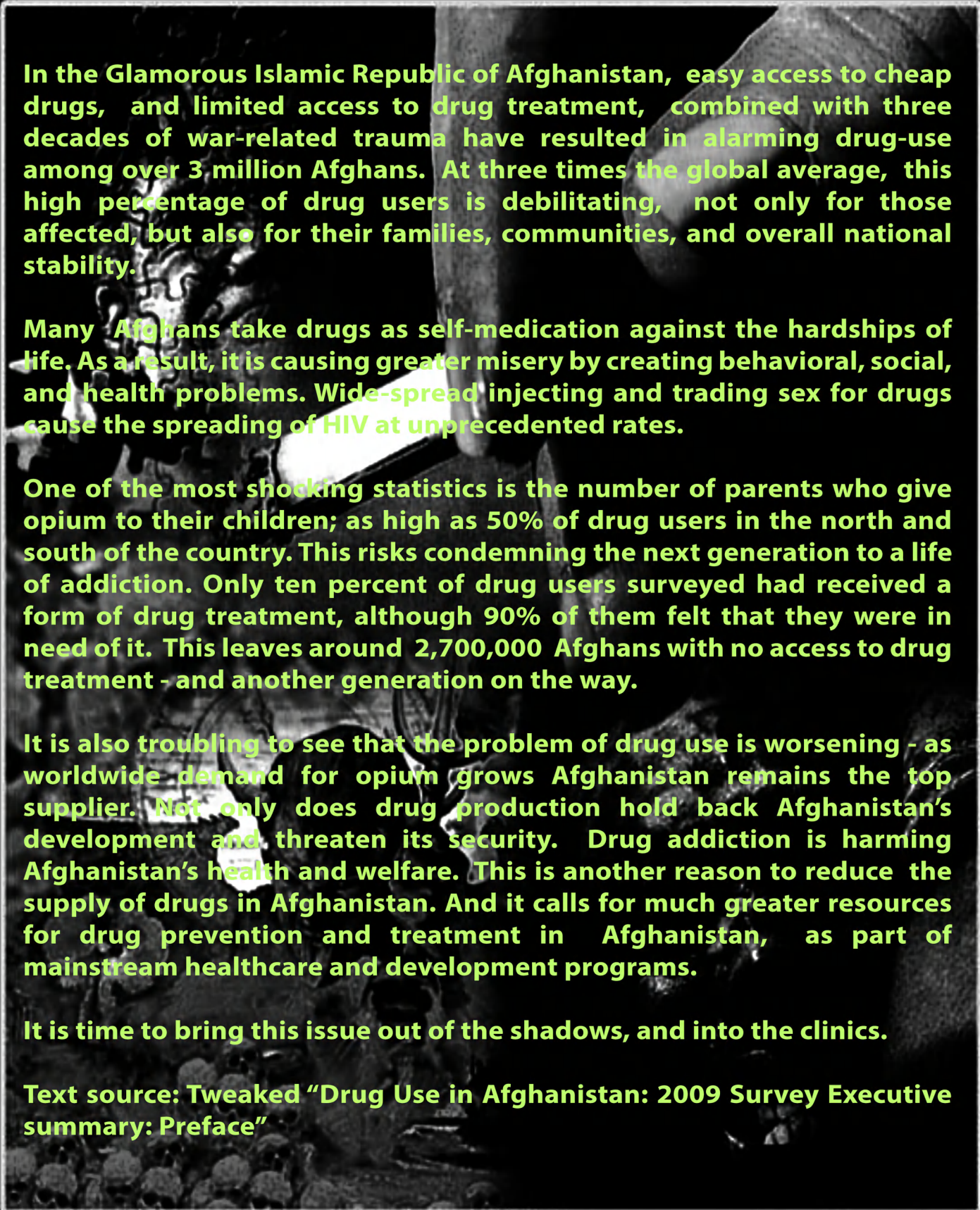
We look at **Afghanistan**'s rising opioid devastation, fuelled by classic American infinite warfare, through **Call of Duty** night vision - Mexican demimondaine **Urami (Paul-Alexandre Islas)** shares intense litanies on GBL addiction - Honey loops and loopy **anti-masturbation** talk by Mr.Cornflakes himself - Retreated gurus **Abandono Europa** intervene in a conflict between neurotransmitters and opioids and CCRU's academic saint **Sadie Plant** revisits Thomas de Quincey with the furious aplomb of a coup d'état



CALL^{OF}DUTY

INFINITE WARFARE

October 28, 2009: Afghan women and their children wait as U.S. Special Operations forces and Afghan National Army soldiers search their home during a joint operation targeting insurgents operating in Afghanistan's Farah province. Increased nighttime military raids by international military forces in Afghanistan have created a resentment that has undercut any battlefield gains from the tactic, according to a September 19 report by a U.S. think tank.



In the Glamorous Islamic Republic of Afghanistan, easy access to cheap drugs, and limited access to drug treatment, combined with three decades of war-related trauma have resulted in alarming drug-use among over 3 million Afghans. At three times the global average, this high percentage of drug users is debilitating, not only for those affected, but also for their families, communities, and overall national stability.

Many Afghans take drugs as self-medication against the hardships of life. As a result, it is causing greater misery by creating behavioral, social, and health problems. Wide-spread injecting and trading sex for drugs cause the spreading of HIV at unprecedented rates.

One of the most shocking statistics is the number of parents who give opium to their children; as high as 50% of drug users in the north and south of the country. This risks condemning the next generation to a life of addiction. Only ten percent of drug users surveyed had received a form of drug treatment, although 90% of them felt that they were in need of it. This leaves around 2,700,000 Afghans with no access to drug treatment - and another generation on the way.

It is also troubling to see that the problem of drug use is worsening - as worldwide demand for opium grows Afghanistan remains the top supplier. Not only does drug production hold back Afghanistan's development and threaten its security. Drug addiction is harming Afghanistan's health and welfare. This is another reason to reduce the supply of drugs in Afghanistan. And it calls for much greater resources for drug prevention and treatment in Afghanistan, as part of mainstream healthcare and development programs.

It is time to bring this issue out of the shadows, and into the clinics.

Text source: Tweaked "Drug Use in Afghanistan: 2009 Survey Executive summary: Preface"

لا للمخدرات

THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK



THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK



الایدز « بین اطفالنا
من المسئول ؟



Aryana Sayeed is an Afghan singer, songwriter and TV personality. She sings in both the Pashto and Dari languages, and is one of Afghanistan's most famous musical artists, performing regularly in concerts and philanthropic festivals within and outside Afghanistan.

FIGURE 3.1 - Estimated number of adult drug users in Afghanistan, 2005 to 2015

Afghanistan continues to be responsible for more than 90 per cent of the world's opium poppy cultivation – with around 375 tonnes of Afghan heroin entering the global market annually, the UN's Office on Drugs and Crime says.



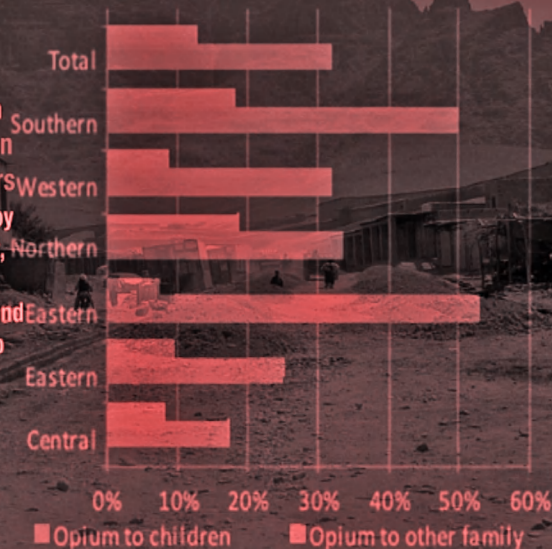
Sources: Afghanistan Drug Survey 2005 and 2009; ANDUS 2015.

* This includes alcohol users.

ANDUS 2015

Figure 2: Percentage of drug users who give opium to family members and children by region

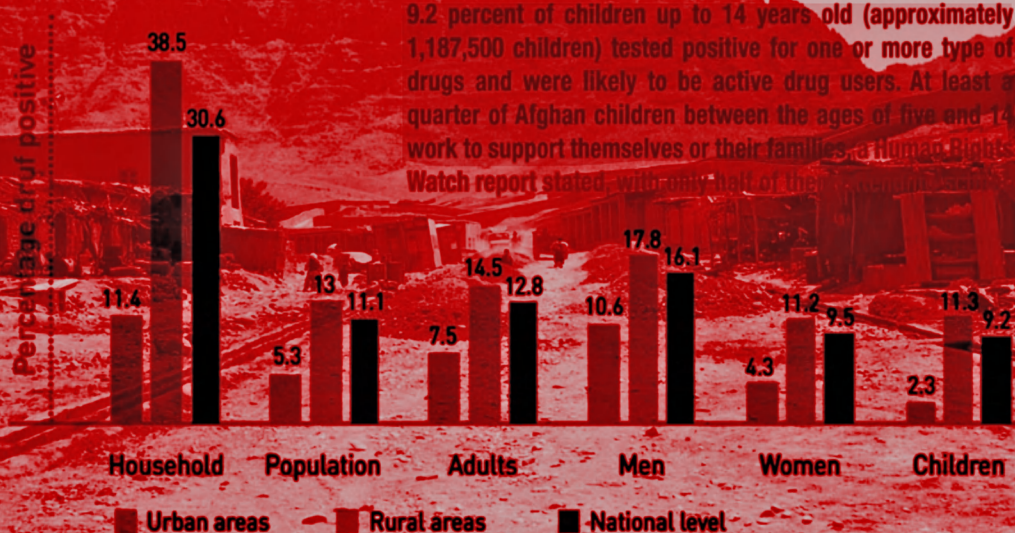
United Nations reports that the growing number of addicts reflects the octopus-like reach of opium and heroin. Husbands often addict wives, and mothers often addict children — by using opium while pregnant, by exposing the children to secondhand opium smoke and by using a pinch of opium to calm them when they are fussing.



ANDUS 2015

FIGURE 3.2 - Percentage of drug positive rate in different demographic groups in Afghanistan

9.2 percent of children up to 14 years old (approximately 1,187,500 children) tested positive for one or more type of drugs and were likely to be active drug users. At least a quarter of Afghan children between the ages of five and 14 work to support themselves or their families, a Human Rights Watch report stated, with only half of their earnings going to their families.



ANDUS 2015

2018 poppy production measured @263,000 hectares.

Poppy production and illicit trafficking of opiates fuel political instability, and increase funding to terrorist groups in Afghanistan who profit from the trade.

Being worth between \$4.1 billion to \$6.6 billion in 2017 - or 20 and 32 per cent of gross domestic product - the value of the opiate-based economy exceeded by far, the value of Afghanistan's legal exports of goods and services.

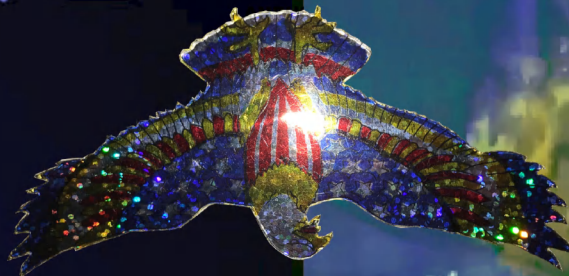
US\$ 28 billion

Opium poppy production has become so engrained in the livelihood of many Afghans, that it is often the main source of income for not only farmers, but also many local and migrant workers hired as day-labourers on farms. In 2017, opium poppy weeding and harvesting provided the equivalent of up to 354,000 full-time

ل م ع

JOBS

لا للمخدرات



visitkابل.od



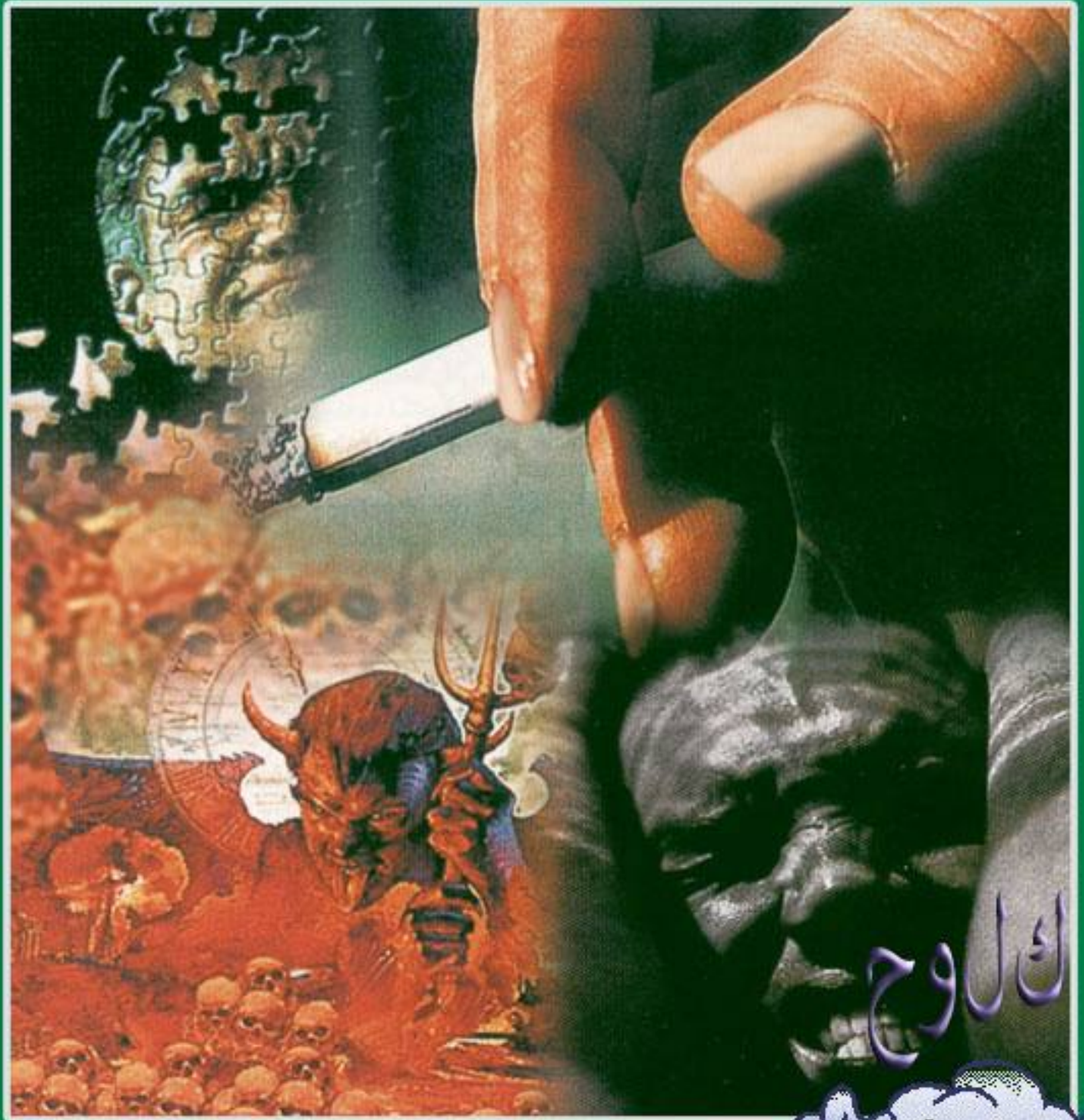
ENHANCING SECURITY AND STABILITY IN AFGHANISTAN



المخدرات
رج من (عمل) الشيطان
و (طاعون) يفتك بالإنسان



JUNE 2020



لا للمخدرات



مع تحيات الشؤن العامة
بقوات الدفاع الجرمي



MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF
AFGHANISTAN



THE
OPIOID CRISIS
HOOBOOK

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF
AFGHANISTAN

Product Name: 1,4-Butanediol

Alias: 1,4-Dihydroxybutane;

1,4-Butylene glycol;

Tetramethylene glycol

CAS NO.: 110-63-4

EINECS NO.: 203-786-5

MF: C₄H₁₀O₂

MW: 90.12

PURITY: 99%

APPEARANCE: colorless viscous liquid

MELTING POINT: 20°C

BOILING POINT: 230°C

Flash Point: 135°C

Solubility: Miscible

Density: 1.017g/mL

THIS IS THE DIARY OF A GBL ADDICT, FIFTH WITHDRAWAL ATTEMPT IN PARISIAN CONFINEMENT.



**PLAY
SAFE**

A G-HOLE MUST BE TREATED SERIOUSLY

**G-HOLE
=
OVERDOSE
=
VITAL RISK**

**A GBL/GBH overdose causes a coma that may
lead to death from respiratory failure**

GIVE ASSISTANCE TO THE VICTIM OF A G-HOLE

EVERYONE IS RESPONSIBLE - LET'S NOT LET GBL/GBH RUIN LIVES





MARCH 22 2020
1H04:10MG VALIUM
5H: 10MG VALIUM
13H20: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 23 2020
4H: 10MG VALIUM
8H30:10MG VALIUM
18H: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 24 2020
00H: 10MG VALIUM
4H49: 10MG VALIUM
10H45: 10MG VALIUM
18H10: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 25 2020
1H04: 10MG VALIUM
5H08: 10MG VALIUM
13H38:10MG VALIUM
22H16: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 19 2020
1H09: 10MG VALIUM
7H09: 10MG VALIUM
13H02: 10MG VALIUM
19H30: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 20 2020
1H26: 10MG VALIUM
9H42: 10MG VALIUM
16H28: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 21 2020
????????



MARCH 26 2020
2H45:10MG VALIUM
11H37: 10MG VALIUM
19H21: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 27 2020
1H16: 10MG VALIUM
5H40:10MG VALIUM
113H05: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 28 2020
2H55H: 10MG VALIUM
5H57: 10MG VALIUM
11H22: 10MG VALIUM
18H43: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 29 2020
1H21: 10MG VALIUM
5H07: 10MG VALIUM
12H55:10MG VALIUM
22H41: 10MG VALIUM

MARCH 30 2020
3H30: 10 MG VALIUM
7H23:10MG VALIUM
15H30: 10MG VALIUM
21H43: 10 MG VALIUM

MARCH 31 2020
3H51: 10MG VALIUM
6H36: 10 MG VALIUM
15H33: 10MG VALIUM
23H47: 10MG VALIUM





Wuhan Hengwo Scien-Tech Co., Ltd.

APRIL 1 2020
1H35: 10 MG VALIUM
3H35: 10 MG VALIUM
10H40: 10MG VALIUM
16H56: 10MG VALIUM

Home

Products ▾

Trade Leads

Company Profile

Contact

Home > Products > Bodybuilding Supplement Depressant GBL Prodrug 1,4-Butanediol



APRIL 9 2020
4H18: 10MG VALIUM
8H57: 10MG VALIUM
23H13: 10 MG VALIUM

APRIL 10 2020
1H34: 10MG VALIUM
5H42: 10 MG VALIUM
15H20: 10 MG VALIUM

Bodybuilding Supplement Depressant
GBL Prodrug 1,4-Butanediol

APRIL 3 2020
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3H57: 10 MG VALIUM
14H37: 10MG VALIUM
21H58: 10MG VALIUM

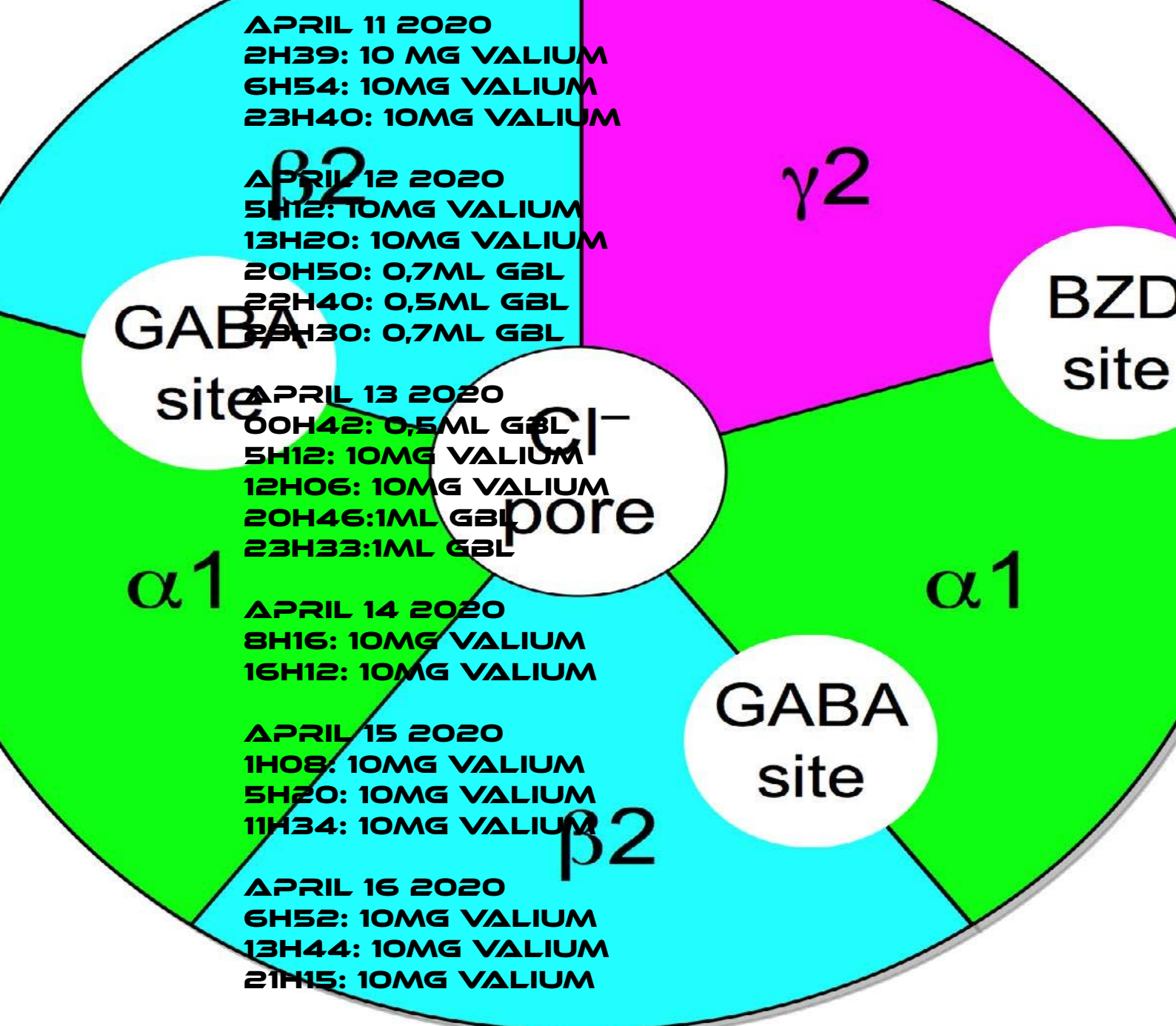
APRIL 4 2020
4H17: 10MG VALIUM
8H42: 10MG VALIUM
18H35: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 5 2020
1H28: 10MG VALIUM
5H32: 10 MG VALIUM
9H26: 10MG VALIUM
21H05: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 6 2020
2H22: 10MG VALIUM
6H18: 10MG VALIUM
19H50: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 7 2020
2H27: 10MG VALIUM
5H25: 10MG VALIUM
13H03: 10 MG VALIUM

APRIL 8 2020
3H45: 10MG VALIUM
12H02: 10MG VALIUM
23H29: 10 MG VALIUM



APRIL 17 2020
 4H36: 10MG VALIUM
 16H25: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 18 2020
 8H: 10 MG VALIUM

APRIL 19 2020
 17H50: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 20 2020
 3H45: 10 MG VALIUM
 16H37: 10MG VALIUM

APRIL 21 2020
 1H37: 10MG VALIUM
 2H25: 0,5ML GBL
 4H30: 1ML GBL
 7H30: 1ML GBL
 16H30: 10MG VALIUM



CAS No : 96-48-0







As a leader of the anti-masturbation movement, Kellogg promoted extreme measures to prevent masturbation. He circumcised himself at age 37. His methods for the “rehabilitation” of masturbators included measures up to the point of mutilation without anesthetic, on both sexes. He was an advocate of circumcising young boys to curb masturbation and applying carbolic acid to a young woman’s clitoris. In his Plain Facts for Old and Young, he wrote:

A remedy which is almost always successful in small boys is circumcision, especially when there is any degree of phimosis. The operation should be performed by a surgeon without administering an anesthetic, as the brief pain attending the operation will have a salutary effect upon the mind, especially if it be connected with the idea of punishment, as it may well be in some cases. The soreness which continues for several weeks interrupts the practice, and if it had not previously become too firmly fixed, it may be forgotten and not resumed.



the Anti-Masturbation Cross

Safely train your children to keep their hands off their dangerous sin zones

☆ Papoose Cross and Arm Immobilizer work together to safely secure a self-raping child ☆

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL!
5% OFF!
OFFER EXPIRES
11/30/2014



5+
years



- * Adjustable canvas straps with Velcro
- * Adjustable head strap incorporated into backboard
- * Optional arm immobilizing accessory slides under board for firm, spread-eagle position

www.StopMasturbationNow.org

Control Toys

Anti-Masturbation Strait Jacket

Easily train your children to keep their hands off of their dangerous sin zones



ADDITIONAL BUCKLES ON THE STRAP



LIGHT WEIGHT AND SOFT FABRIC



NO HANDS ON SIN ZONES



5+ YEARS

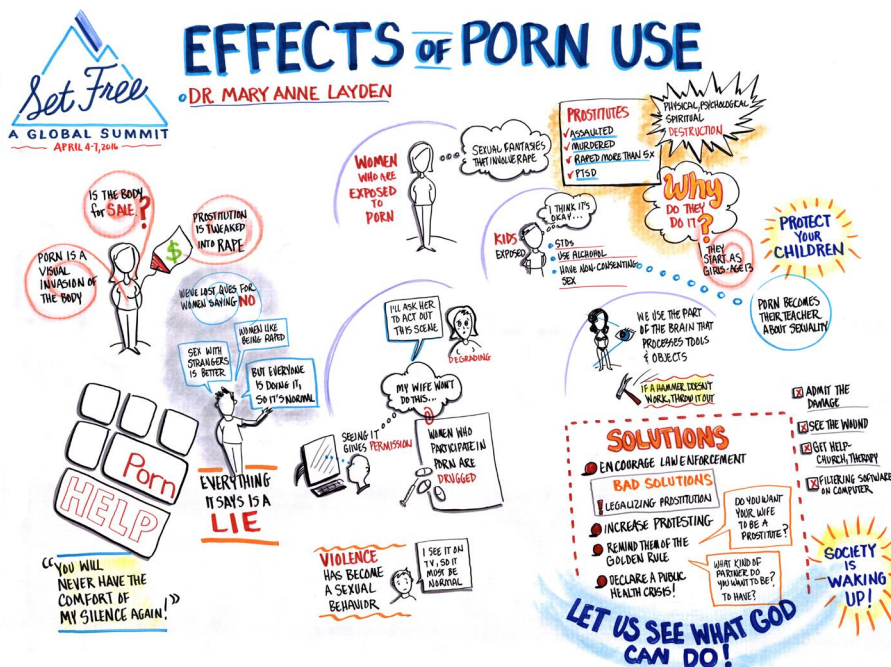


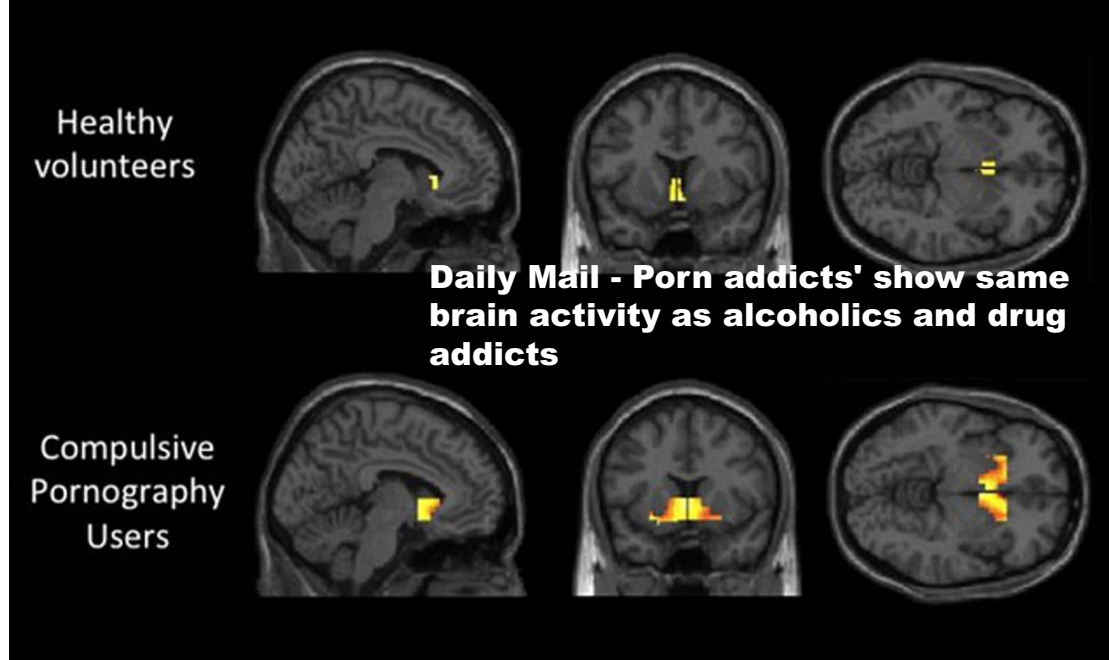
**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

FIGHT THE NEW DRUG

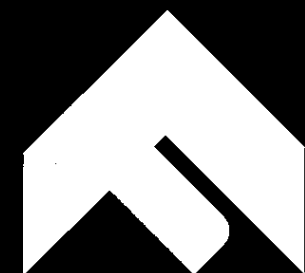
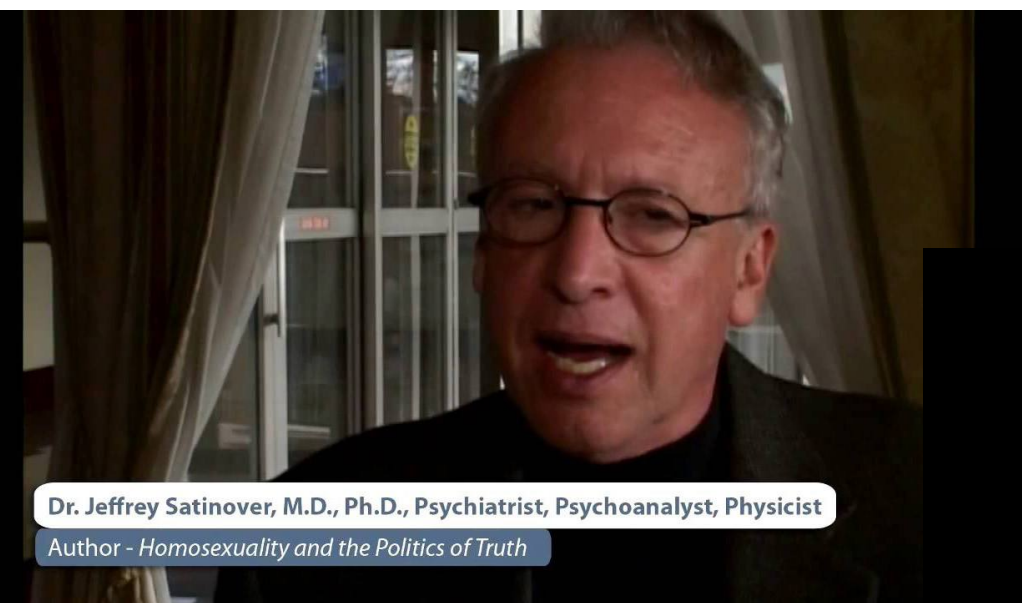
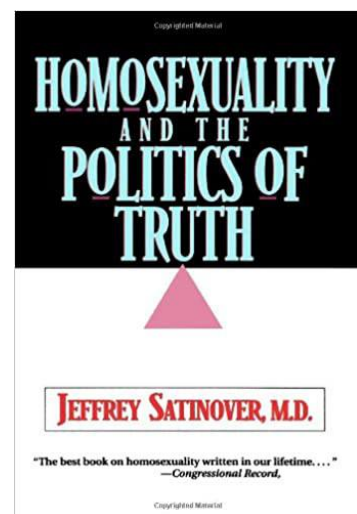
EDUCATING ON THE HARMFUL EFFECTS OF PORNOGRAPHY

Mary Anne Layden, co-director of the Sexual Trauma and Psychopathology Program at the University of Pennsylvania's Center for Cognitive Therapy, called porn the "most concerning thing to psychological health that I know of existing today." "The internet is a perfect drug delivery system because you are anonymous, aroused and have role models for these behaviors," Layden said. "To have drug pumped into your house 24/7, free, and children know how to use it better than grown-ups know how to use it – it's a perfect delivery system if we want to have a whole generation of young addicts who will never have the drug out of their mind."





Jeffrey Satinover, a psychiatrist and advisor to the National Association for Research and Therapy of Homosexuality echoed Layden's concern about the internet and the somatic effects of pornography. "Pornography really does, unlike other addictions, biologically cause direct release of the most perfect addictive substance," Satinover said. "That is, it causes masturbation, which causes release of the naturally occurring opioids. It does what heroin can't do, in effect."



**FIGHT THE
NEW DRUG**



UNSURE IF YOU ARE LIVING
THE LIFE OF A GOOD CHRISTIAN?
IT'S SIMPLE.

- 表面布满柔软狼牙
快感更能体现。



WRONG.



RIGHT.

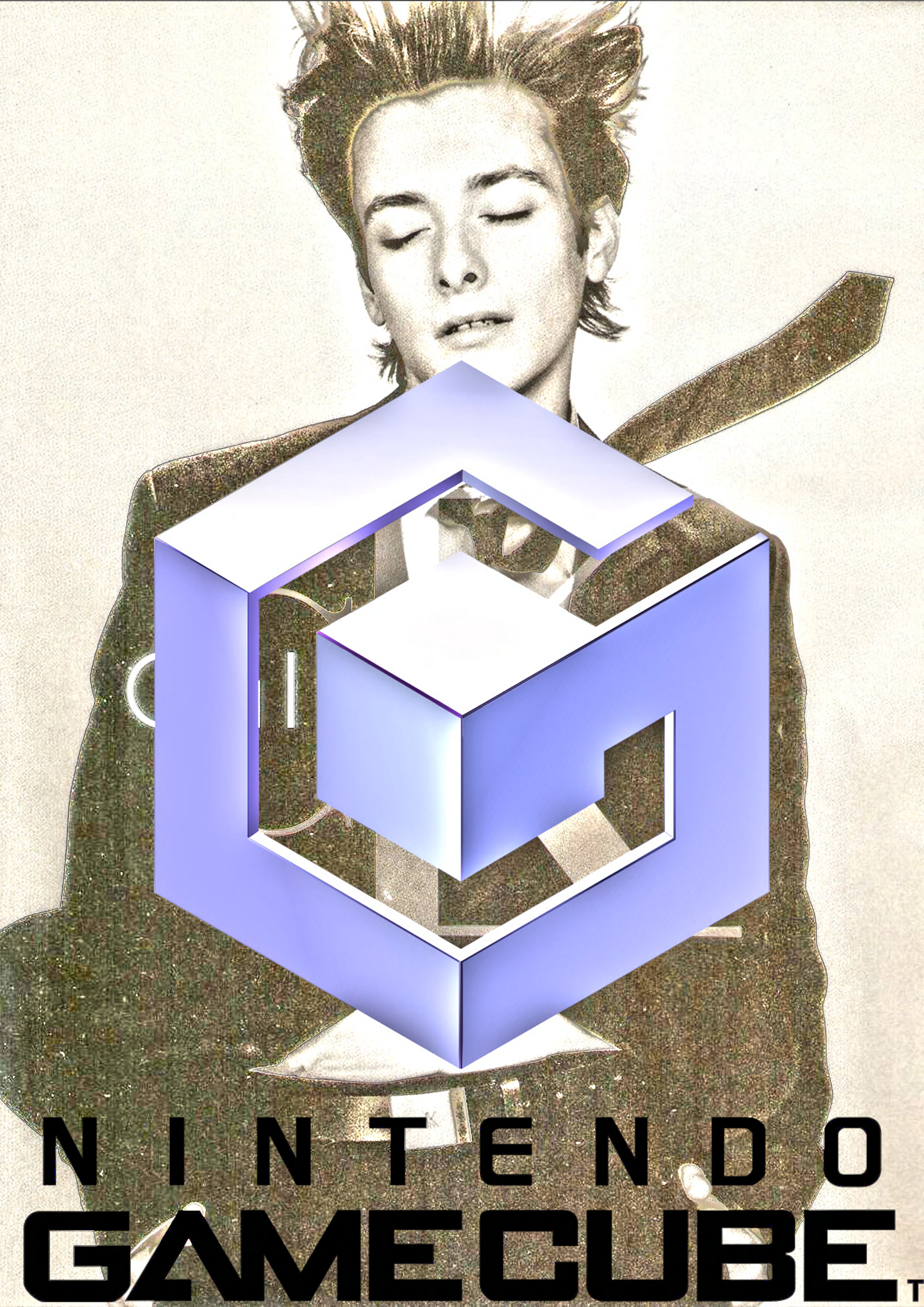


STOP MASTURBATION NOW.org

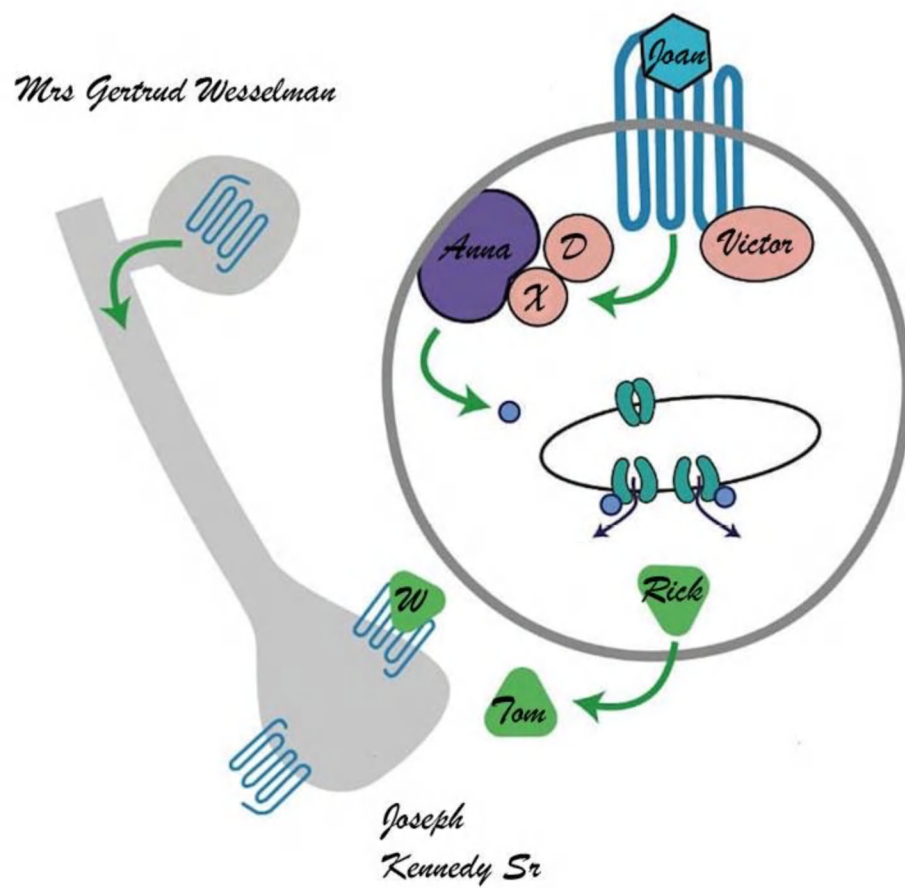
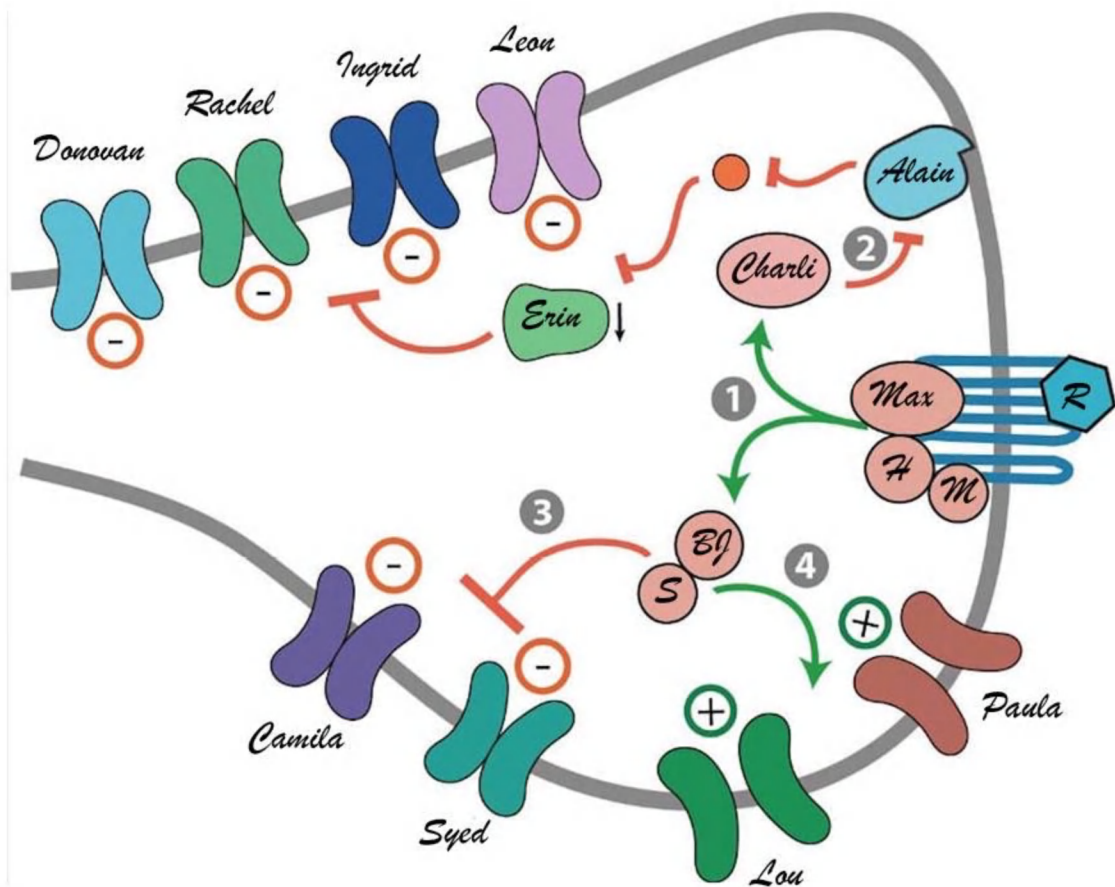
STOP MASTURBATION NOW.



- 露指
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N I N T E N D O
G A M E C U B E . T





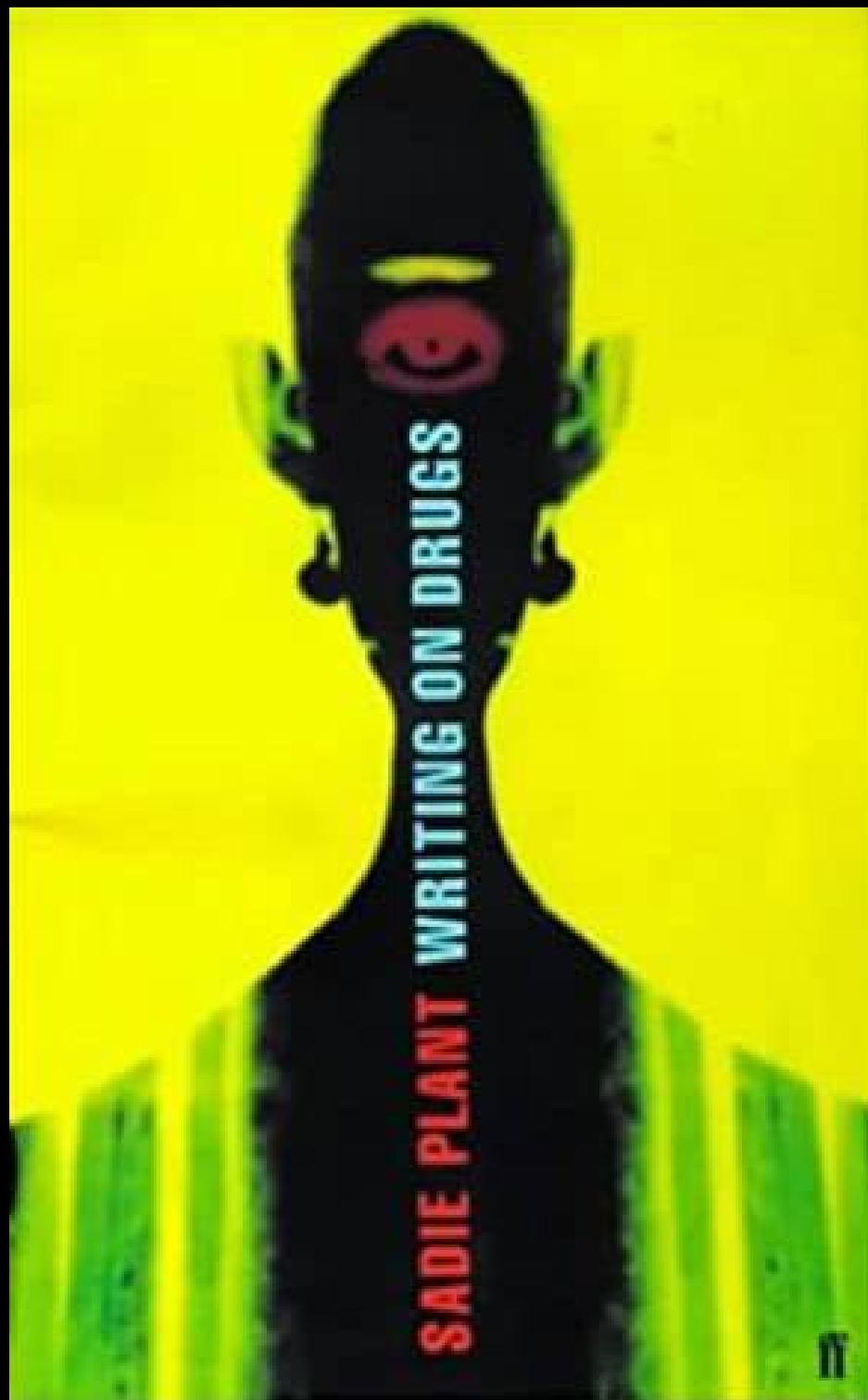
SADIE + PLANT

Interview of Sadie Plant by unknown
From Boston Book Review.

English writer Sadie Plant is author of “The Most Radical Gesture: The Situationist International in a Postmodern Age,” and “Zeros + Ones: Digital Women + the New Technoculture.” Her new book, “Writing on Drugs,” focuses on the way drugs have been portrayed in western culture. Walter Benjamin was one of several German intellectuals who experimented with mescaline, opium and hashish in the years between the wars, and his early participation in what became known as critical theory found him chasing a secular version of the intoxication of religious ecstasy, “a profane illumination,” as he wrote in his essay on surrealism . . . Benjamin imagined revolution as a moment of shared intoxication, a modern expression of a wild and ancient energy, running through the proletariat.

HB: A basic theme of “Writing on Drugs” is that illicit drugs aren’t tangential but central to our culture. You refer often, for example, to the historian Carlo Ginzburg’s argument that drugs enable mass participation in a modern version of the shamanic journey. They allow users to believe that they are joining “the world of the living and of the dead . . . the sphere of the visible and of the invisible.”

SP: Yes. One of the things which most interested me was finding evidence that drug-induced experiences, which are, of course, so subjective and ephemeral, might have really found their ways into everyone’s consciousness. Hence my interest in writers on drugs. Coleridge, for example, with his famous notion of art as “the willing suspension of disbelief,” popularized the idea of a state suspended between truth and illusion -- neither one nor the other, but something in between. He wanted the arts to effectively take people into the space that opium opened for him. And Poe, by writing about suspended states and by infecting his readers with the same feelings of suspense, brought that kind of experience to a wider audience.



HB: You connect the outer and inner technologies when you write that opium and hashish were nineteenth century drug precursors to the kind of altered perceptions brought about by photography and, later, electronic media.

SP: Yes, this is a connection which really intrigued me, and showed itself to have more and more substance as I looked into it. The popularity of opium coincided with a period of rapid technological change and indicates an ongoing relationship between these “inner” and “outer” technologies. For intellectuals like De Quincey, and for the mass of new factory workers, the use of opium compensated for the traumatic infringements made by industry on the old rural world. It also seemed to give its users the ability to stand back, to dream, to take stock, in a world which allowed so little time for these things. In the same way, photography allowed the past to be remembered and time to be frozen during a period of rapid change. And both the opium dream and the photograph brought a new quality and intensity to the image.

Towards the end of the 19th century, with the popularity of cocaine, the story seems to shift. Here we have cocaine not as a compensation, but rather an excitant, adding to the new worlds of electricity, calculation and telegraphy. Again, you can see this happening both with intellectuals like Freud, and with ordinary people; adverts of the day are full of references to the stresses and demands of this new age and the need to keep up to speed. And so the story goes, culminating in the popularity of ecstasy, a clean, calm, spacious experience which draws on the clarity of the digital technologies, especially that of digital sound, with which it developed.

Technology is not the only reason for the popularity of certain substances at certain times. Economic patterns, political expediencies, wars, crops and so on have a great deal to do with it as well. But the simple observation that MDMA was available for decades before it really became popular in the 1990s suggests that drugs have moments when they make sense in the social and technological context.

FMR

Edizione italiana

10/1990



N. 83

La virtù di marmo
Pronubi legni
La divina pinguetudine
Piccola Russia
Betlemme di stagnola

Franco Maria Ricci

HB: You write: "If De Quincey had been horrified by his Oriental dreams, his French followers were in love with the Eastern flavor of hashish and the stories with which it seemed to come equipped." In what sense do drugs come equipped with stories?


SP: It's not that the content of stories come with drugs, but more that something of the quality of dreams, trips, experiences, and tales told in the wake of drugs -- their character, flavor, call it what you will -- is often shared by users of the same drug. In this sense, the passage of, say, hashish from the Middle-East to France was also a kind of backdoor migration of a certain kind of sensibility.

HB: What was the role of synesthesia in the drug experience of Baudelaire and others?

SP: The fusions and confusions of the senses have, I think, always been regarded as fine material for artists. The opium experience interested Baudelaire and his generation so much because it was such an intense, tangible expression of this phenomenon -- a chance to experiment and observe it in action.

HB: You refer to the ability of drugs to enhance what you call "patterned thinking," and say that it had that effect on Gregory Bateson, for example. Can you expand on what you mean by patterned thinking?





SP: Again, what I was really asking was this: is it possible to say that certain drugs produce common effects, or are the effects so subjective and so culturally informed that it's impossible to look at the drugs themselves? Literature provides some fascinating example. Texts like the "Thousand and One Nights," and Burroughs' hashish-influenced writings share a certain kind of lateral organization, in which the materials are, as it were, spread out on a plane rather than arranged in a straight line. "Writing on Drugs" has many examples of how, at the more abstract level, drugs do seem to operate with a consistency that overrides cultural differences. The content may vary enormously, but something of the quality remains the same.

HB: You talk about Freud's use of cocaine as corresponding to the period in his work when he believed that the mind would eventually be understood in terms of brain chemistry. And you point to De Quincey "making bold materialist claims about the brain and the machinery of dreaming." Do drugs, then, make us philosophical materialists?

SP: It seems to me almost unavoidable that serious reflection on the use and effects of drugs suggests some kind of materialism. What clinches it for me is precisely the way in which writers like De Quincey spoke of "the machinery of dreaming" long before there was any knowledge of the brain as a chemical system. If the introduction of a simple and very small chemical difference to the brain has such enormous effects on consciousness, it is very difficult to avoid the conclusion that the brain is, to some extent at least, a complex chemical system. Some people object that this kind of thinking is reductive, or takes away some magic but to my mind it greatly enhances our sense of the complexity involved in neural processes, and makes it all seem even more amazing.

HB: We often talk about the brain in cybernetic terms today. Was it Timothy Leary who first popularized this way of thinking, as when he talked about LSD as reprogramming the “bio-computer”?

SP: Leary was one of the first people to make the connection between the brain and the computer. But McLuhan might be an even more interesting figure to mention in this respect. He made connections between LSD and multimedia at a very early stage, suggesting that drugs introduced new possibilities for the interiority of the brain at the same time as technological changes were shifting perceptual possibilities.

HB: You talk about a new kind of thinking that accompanied the use of cocaine in the late nineteenth century -- thinking “based on the intuition that obscure details and remote clues can be more important than obvious evidence.” And you cite Freud and Sherlock Holmes as the great exemplars of this new style of thinking. Can you expand on this?

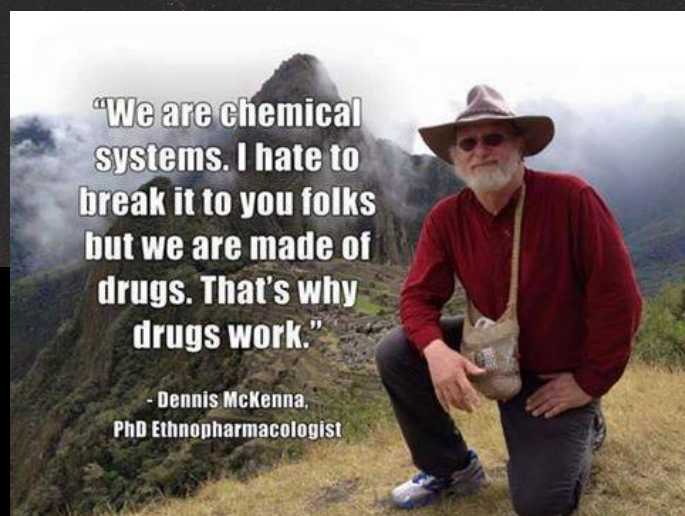
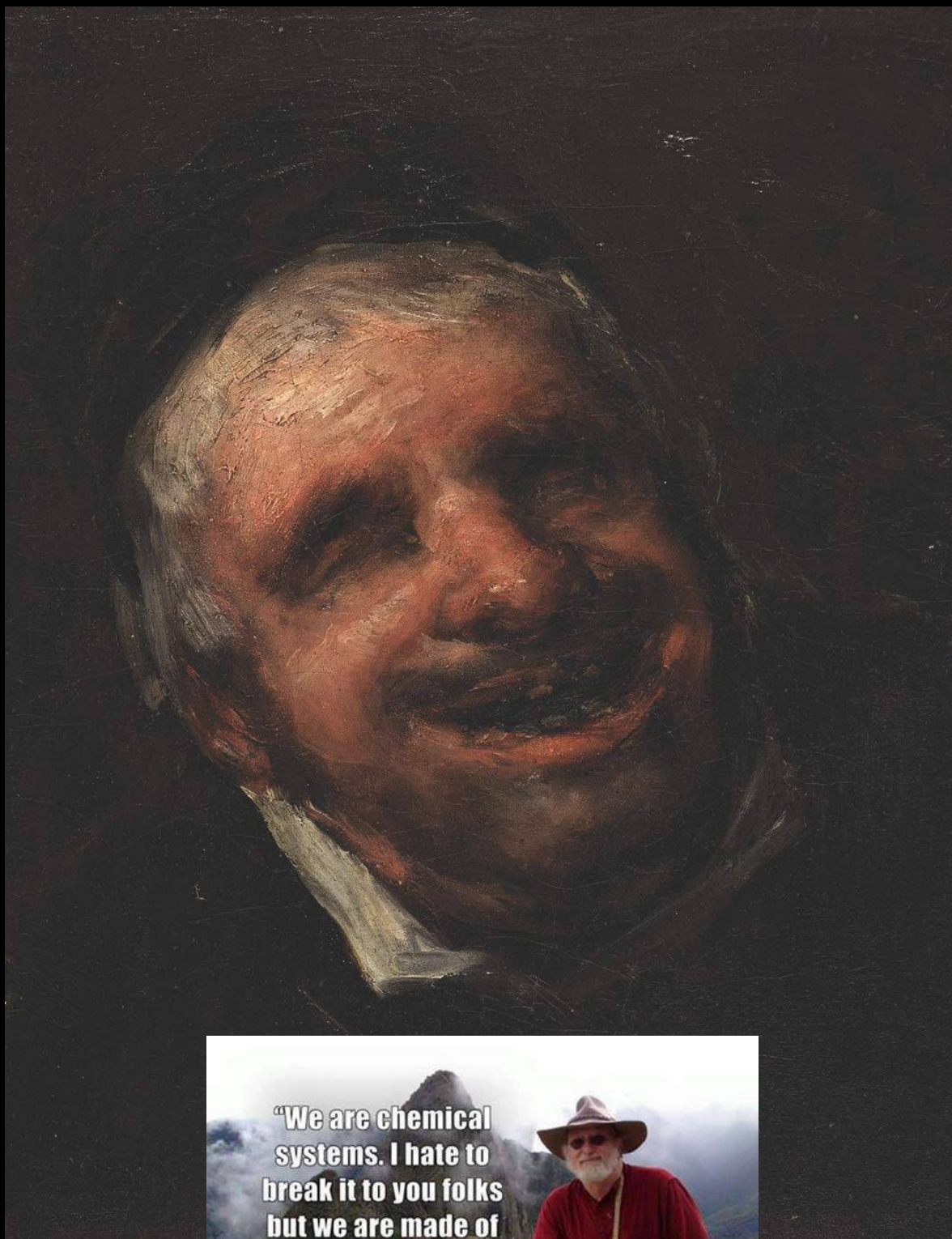
SP: The use of a drug like cocaine by someone like Freud, who was already so interested in the workings of the brain, inevitably encouraged him to pay close attention to his own changing states of mind. In addition, cocaine does heighten many of the senses, producing a mind that is more alert to the fine details of the world -- hence, in extremis, the tendency for it to induce such paranoia, as brilliantly displayed with Holmes and Moriarity.

HB: What stories attach to the kinds of drugs currently in use?

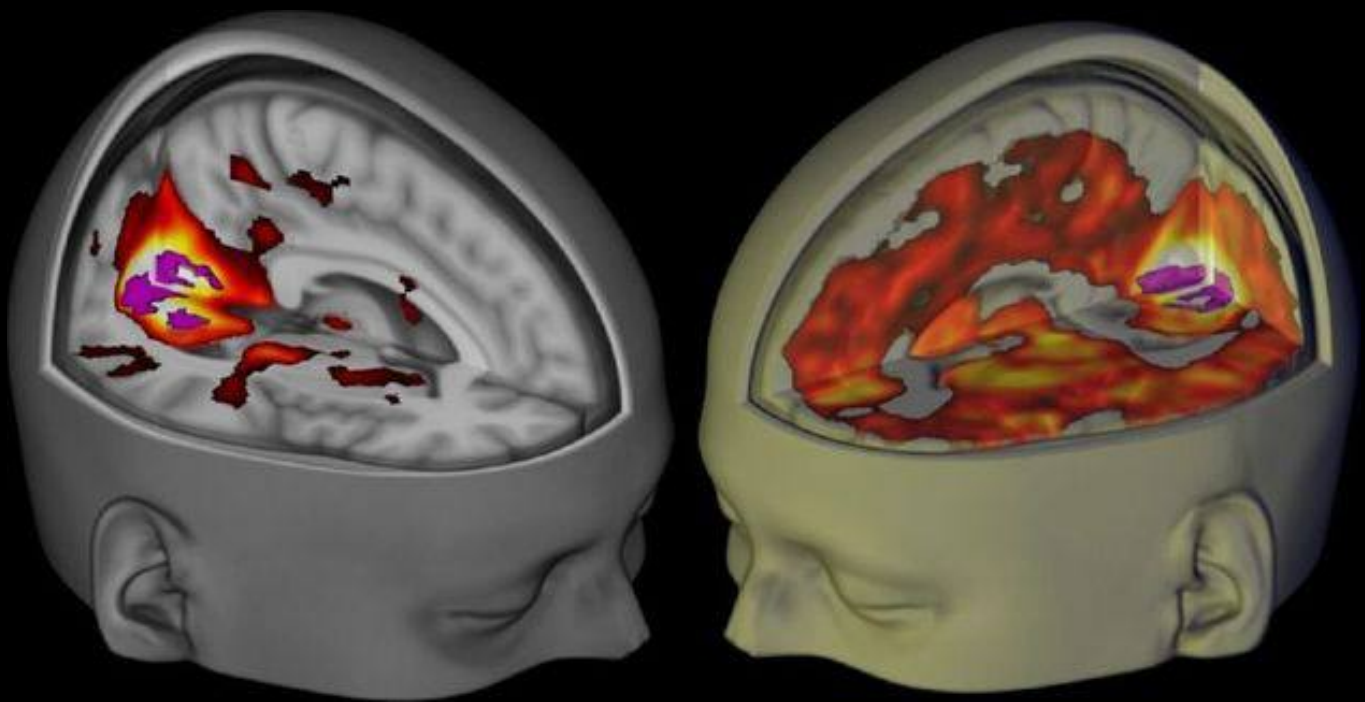
SP: It seems to me that drugs like Ecstasy tend to be accompanied more by music rather than stories -- and again, it would be less a matter of specific musical phrases than of a certain quality of digital sound. Beyond this, we have arrived in an era of such polydrug use that one might almost say that all the kinds of expression induced or influenced by drugs are deployed in today's culture.

HB: So we've arrived at a kind of postmodern pharmacopoeia.

SP: Right. We may be looking at the end of a kind of linear route through different kinds of experience. If the 1960s belonged to LSD, and the 1980s to Ecstasy, the 2000s seem to be a time when many different inputs and outputs are present together.



HB: You write that Baudelaire's suffered Catholic guilt for using hashish because the drug provided him with what he thought of as illicit "short-cuts to paradise." Does guilt of that kind play a role contemporary attitudes toward drugs, especially in the United States, where, in your words, "the federal budget for drugs control rose from an annual \$1 billion in 1980 to some \$30 billion at the end of the 1990s"?



SP: A moralistic attitude has always shaped US drugs policy. Way back in the early 20th century, the first moves to control the opium trade came from the States, and although it seems that the primary motivation was economic -- the US was one of the few global powers not profiting from the trade -- the arguments, of course, were posed in ethical terms. For all its claims to freedom, the US does strike many outsiders as a peculiarly regulated and puritanical country. However, clearly it's not "Catholic" guilt at work-- more a question of a Protestant work ethic. Now that the drug trade is so vast -- not least as a consequence of so many years of prohibitionist policy -- it poses an enormous challenge to legitimate trade and to the ability of the nation state to control it. That in itself keeps the drug war going.



**2001 - EDWARD SNOWDEN -
AMATURE MODELING PHOTO SESSION**

NSA 101

Specialist
Lookbook



Late 90's baroque fashion brand extravaganza **Juicy Couture** groups retired Sunset Boulevard stars back together for one last bitchy game of monopoly, before the rising of the moon - Defunct gargantuan Toronto mayor **Rob Ford** vociferates on crack and red-tie populism - Daria Zee's **Romance Special** gets us swooning and gossiping over the intensities of love in the Opioid Crisis era and Parisian-based hula-hoop artist **Alban Diaz** reveals his penchant for suicide pillows, thanatology, and Roger Rabbit

Juicy Couture

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS U.S.A

...to estimate between the excess of careyness capitalism and the anti
political realism?
...id addiction rates are so high in the US that manifestations of the crisis are now
...ent in every social strata, as a result the culture that the crisis produces is
...aps more plural and more dynamic than ever before. It is so much ingrained in
...hat the "styling" is now happening organically. So this provides me with a
...iotic vernacular and imagery that I need and then I kind of weave the strands and
...t back out there.



MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS U.S.A

the method of decorating surrounding walls and objects with blood squirts from a syringe after the post-fight euphoria and the relief of beating sickness. Blood tags are signatures that are

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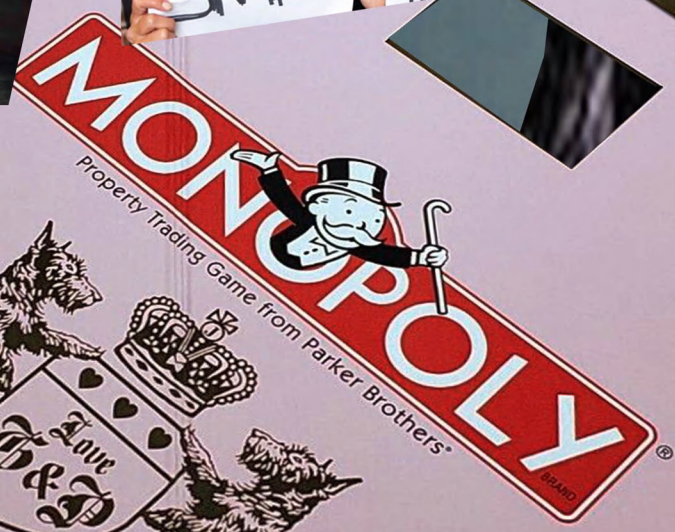
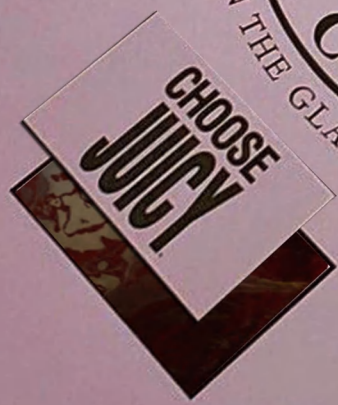
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6.



5.



2.



3.



4.

THE CRISIS LOOKBOOK



Signature logo: two highland terriers holding a shield bearing three hearts and Love P&G (for Pamela and Gela). A crown lies on top along with a Juicy Couture flowing banner.

Hate the player and the game: Juicy Monopoly

DIAGRAM LEGEND

- 1 Name: Jennifer Lopez
Outfit: Baby Pink matching Juicy set
Location: Rehearsal 2001
- 2 Name: Justin Timberlake
Outfit: Channeling of signature Juicy style through an Addidas bright red velour tracksuit.
Location: Planet Hollywood 2004
- 3 Name: Her Majesty, Queen Paris Hilton
Outfit: Paris Hilton x Boohoo tracksuit with rhinestone slogan reading 'J'adore Paris', made to represent Paris' personal style.
Location: Charles-de-Gaulle airport, Paris, 2018
- 4 Name: Rihanna
Outfit: FENTY skin-tight, velour lavender tracksuit
Location: LAX airport, later 2000s
- 5 Name: JLo 2
Outfit: Black velour Juicy Couture sweatshirt, wedges, Koral shiny black leggings.
Location: On set of 'Shades of Blue', New York, 2019
- 6 Name: Lindsey Lohan
Outfit: Green Juicy Couture suit paired with flip flops and a scarf.
Location: Generic Hollywood red carpet, 2002
- 7 Name: Brunette Britney
Outfit: Light pink Juicy Couture suit.
Fun fact: she loved Juicy so much that she ordered matching custom juicy velour tracksuits for her bridesmaids to wear at her iconic wedding to k-fed.
Location: Starbucks, later 2000s
- 8 Name: Kim Kardashian West
Outfit: Havaianas Flip Flops, Black Balenciaga City Bag, Louis Vuitton Pegase suitcase, Juicy Couture Antique Bling Velour suit.
Location: LAX Airport, 2009



Pamela Skaist-Levy

Gela Nash-Taylor

When I invented having a celebrity pet...

She is a firecrotch, with freckles coming out of her vagina, and a clitoris that is seven feet long. ... It smells of diarrhea

THAT'S HOT.

Walmart?... Do they like, make walls there?

What's a soup kitchchen?

I get like half a million just to show up at parties, my life is like, really, really fun

HERstory

BY DARIA ZEE

Juicy Couture was founded by the unstoppable Pamela Skaist-Levy and Gela Nash-Taylor. The two met in 1988 while working together at a hip Los Angeles boutique. Gela got pregnant and realised that she couldn't find any fashionable maternity clothes to match her Cali look. As legend has it, to keep her style in check Gela started making maternity pants out of her husband's jeans. This was the origin of Pam and Gela's first fashion label, *Travis Jeans*, specializing in expensive but vibey maternity pants. It was a success. A couple of years down the line and the girls were so over maternity clothing, so they moved on to their next mission: creating the most iconic luxury V-neck shirt on planet earth.

The company became Juicy Couture in 1995 in order to produce the line of t-shirts. The girls loved the irony in referring to a casual t-shirt brand as 'Couture'. Everything was going amazingly well in the booming mid-1990s economy, the *nouveau riche* were rising and the lux-obsessed, ultra-popular girls were wanting. They were screeching for something like juicy: comfy yet fitted, skanky yet funky, and most importantly, totally hot!

In 2001 Juicy released their signature velour tracksuit and soon after came the "it" bag. Juicy were on their way to becoming legendary, yet, they were still a small business with very limited production which meant little returns and no marketing budget. Pam and Gela had to get creative to be competent, so they had the brilliant idea of sending out complementary tracksuits to celebrities. Soon, celebrities like Madonna, Jennifer Lopez, Paris Hilton and Lindsey Lohan started pairing their new Juicy tracksuits with LV Speedy bags and DKNY oversized sunglasses as a go-to noon hangover-smoothie-run outfit. The world fell under Juicy's spell as it reigned velourly over the new millennium.

The tracksuit retail prices were kept relatively affordable so that girls from all walks of life could skank up their look. In a time where everyone wanted to be a VIP, Juicy's flashy and excessive garments became the statement item of a new generation as celeb obsession hit an all time high. Tabloids and paparazzi became Juicy's unofficial ad agency as they followed and photographed celebrities obsessively. That was what drove Britney mad but also what made Juicy thrive. In 2008 Britney had a breakdown and Juicy had its best year, making \$605 million in profit.

The US subprime lending market went crashing in 2007, on September 2008, Lehman Brothers collapsed and goodbye hot tracksuits and matching 'it' bags and hello great recession. Consumers changed overnight. As the shit hit the fan, flashy-over-the-top attires took a back seat as sobriety became the PC look, plus, nobody was shopping till like, 2012 so Juicy went crashing down refusing to pivot to a normcore market.

Juicy Couture was finally sold to Authentic Brands Group for \$195 million in 2013, pennies compared to their once upon a time \$605 million per year revenue. Authentic Brands group was determined to resurrect Juicy from its velour grave and in 2016 Juicy's collaboration with Vetements re-sparked new interest in the brand.



Early 2000s meta-fact: Pranking is an activity consisting of lying face down, sometimes in an unusual or incongruous location. The palms of the hands are typically touching the sides of the body and the toes are typically touching the ground. Some players compete to find the most unusual and original location in which to play.

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS U.S.A

Made in the Glamorous U.S.A

Juicy Couture

THE
OPIOID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK

ut it back out there.



\$174

MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A



MADE IN THE GLAMOROUS
U.S.A

Сделано в glamorous U.S.A

Сделано в glamorous U.S.A

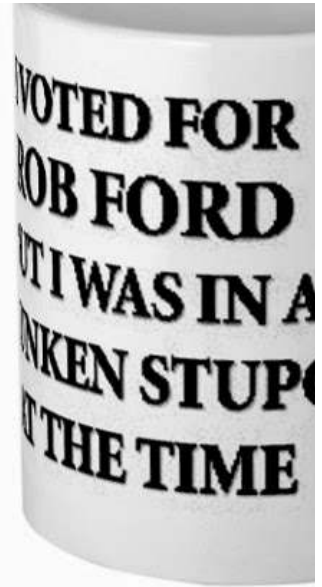
ROB FORD



T O R O N T O

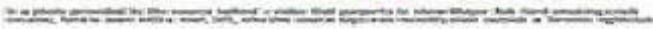
DEFIANT



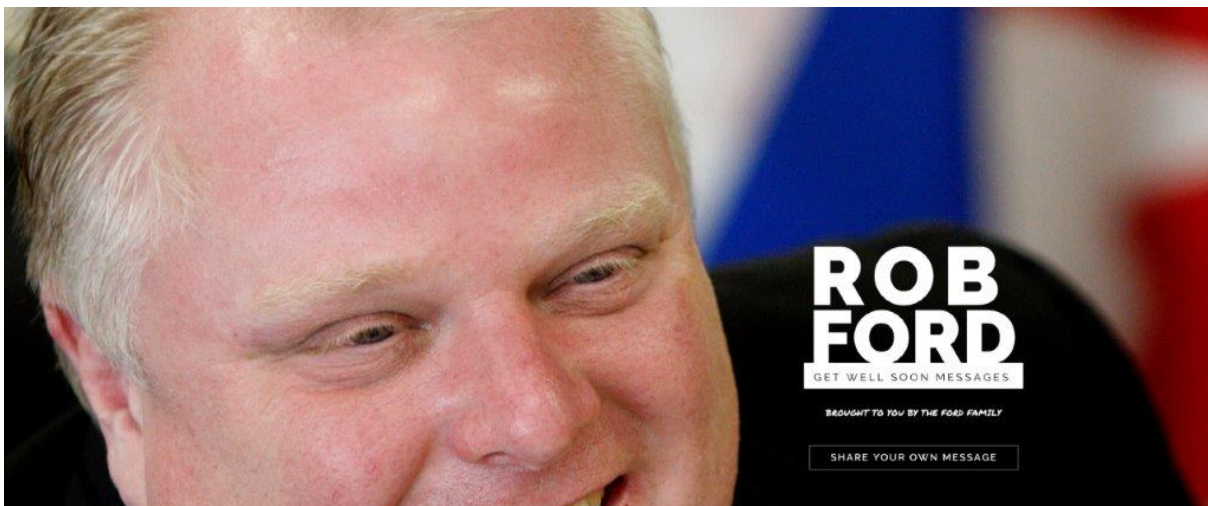








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SPECIAL REPORT

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT **ROB FORD**

»HIS EVIL PLOT
TO RULE
THE RIGHT

»DISSECTING
FORD'S
POLITICAL
ANATOMY

»CRONIES,
REFORMERS
AND CREEPS:
ROB'S INNER
CIRCLE

+HOW THE

NOW

**CLASS
ACTION**
EDUCATION & CAREERS
SECTION
PAGE 25

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29 INDEPENDENT VIEWS

ELECTION NEWS

**NDP, LIBS GET
THEIR GROOVE ON**
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**PARTIES CHANGE
UP THE BRAND**
PAGE 24

ENTERTAINMENT

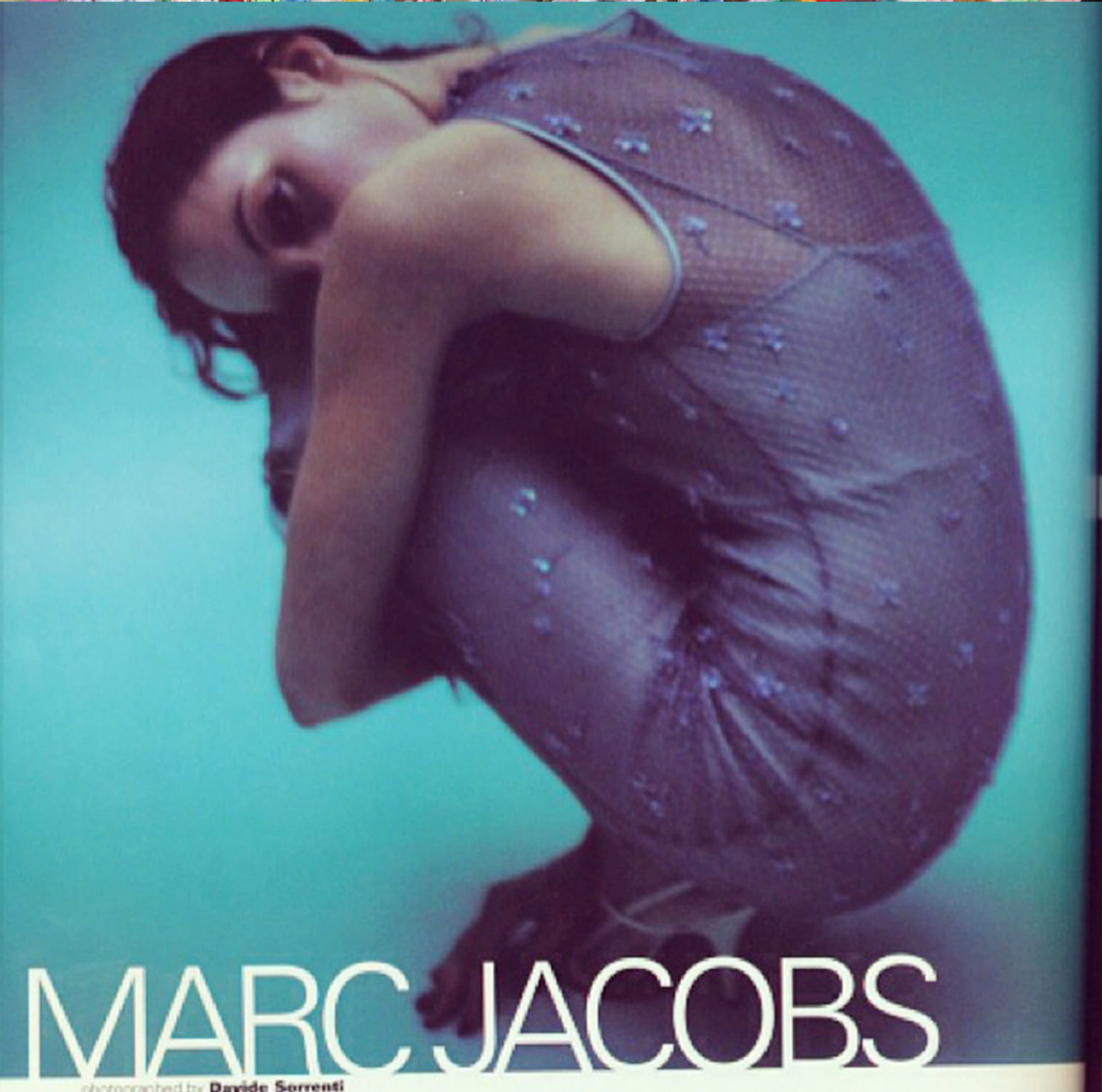
**JESSICA LEA
MAYFIELD'S
SCARY
LOVE LIFE**
PAGE 44

**JAMES WAN'S
INSIDIOUS
IDEAS**
PAGE 70

SOLID CLIV

Live Leak






MARC JACOBS

photographed by **Davide Sorrenti**





Roses are red
Love comes without warning
OxyContin may be habit forming

Romance
special

Keeping the romance alive while being filthy rich may be tough... but not for Theresa and Mortimer Sackler. For her husband's 85th birthday, the good wife bought the right to name a rose after her husband Mort at auction. Such a monumental gesture, but oh well... what wouldn't you do for such an all-rounder!

Mortimer Sackler served as co-chairman of Purdue Pharma Inc from 1952 until 2017. Along with his brothers Arthur and Raymond, he brought up a small NYC based drug company to be a multi-billion pharmaceutical empire. The company's success came right after its introduction of the blockbuster opioid drug OxyContin in 1996- a drug so amazing, it generated over 35 billion dollars in revenue for Purdue and made the Sacklers one of the wealthiest families in America. Purdue's misleading and aggressive marketing of OxyContin fuelled the worst health crisis in American history to date, killing over 450, 000 people. Damn girl, what a catch!



'The Mortimer Sackler rose is a delicately beautiful, rather unusual climber, bearing pretty pointed buds which open to medium-sized, loosely double, light pink flowers. Produced in large open sprays over a very long season, the flowers are held on slender dark stems and gradually open to expose golden stamens. There is a light-medium Old Rose scent with hints of fruit. It is healthy and almost thornless with relatively small, dark green leaves.'

Romance
special

NIK + MILEY



LOL

yea
I spelled
it wrong

On Valentine's day 2018, Florida teenager Nikolas Cruz shot 17 people dead at his local high school and was sentenced to life without parole. Soon after his incarceration, Nik started conversing with Miley, his teenage penfriend from England and founder/admin of 'The First Victim', a support page for Nik on Facebook.

The two lovebirds began sending each other heaps of letters. They talk emotions, outlooks on life, politics, and pretty much everything else. Miley learns that Nik's favourite food is peanut butter and jelly on a meatball sub and that his favourite colour is "Army green and woodland camouflage." Their letters fetishize 'normality', from marriage proposals to dreams of a perfect family life together. Nik opened up about his desires to have kids with Miley and name their three future sons Kalashnikov, Makarov and Remington, after his favourite firearms.

Feels, delusions and spelling mistakes, these are some of the most touching passages from Nik's letters to Miley;

"I feel like I'll never be loved and I'll die alone."

"This will be the first year I won't go trick or treating, unfortunately."

"What is your outlook on life?" he asked in one letter.

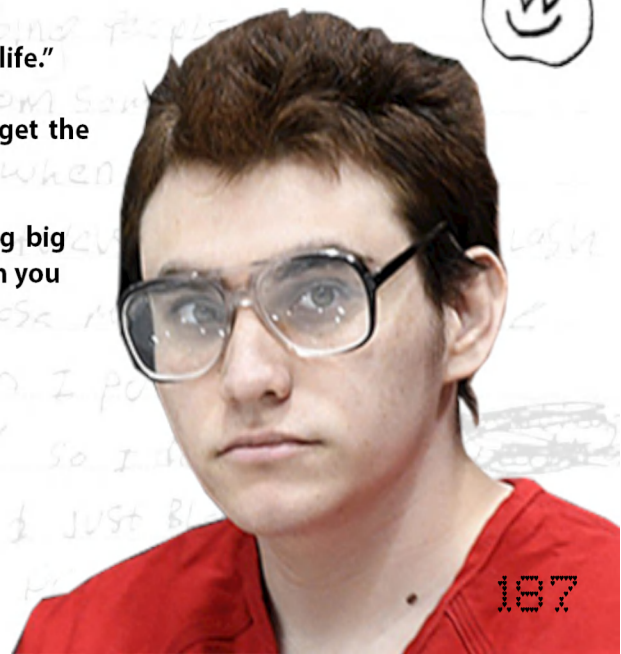
"Mine is go live the best way you can. So please let me know. I really want to know all your dreams."

"You're probably wondering what my favourite sport is, well it's hunting, and professional bull riding."

"I also like girls with red hair and a positive outlook on life."

"I dont know what's wrong with me, maybe I should get the death penalty. IDK, I just want love ..."

"I'm gaining weight in prison and thinking of getting big glasses like from the 1960. So don't laugh at them when you see me on TV,"



listen to
taster
tasty KICKS or kids
pump up KICKS

Romance
special

Miley letters
from

I press
up on the
heart



Nikolas Cruz



in
Love

Warning

Lol

Classified

information

Hello Miley, from Nick

I hope I scared you lol. JK the plat
is a joke (H)



scary
~~scary~~
?



to →
my eyes



I been thinking of you all the time wonderin
you are in real life I'm so glad that I can a

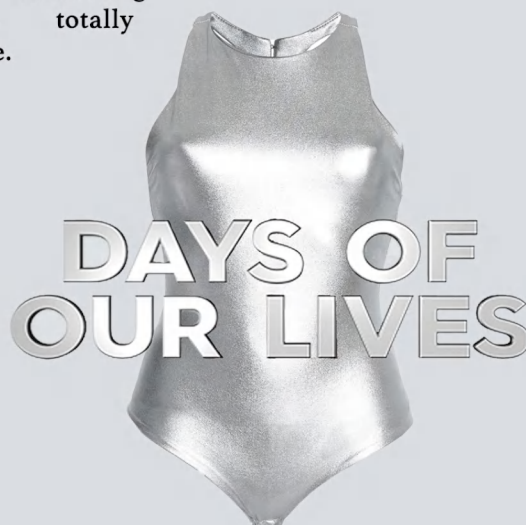


DAVID, PREFERS 'DAVE'
FROM ITHACA, NY
WRITER, UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR
WENT TO AMHERST COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF
ARIZONA, QUIT HARVARD UNIVERSITY GRAD
SCHOOL
MAJOR DEPRESSIVE DISORDER, TREATED WITH
ANTIDEPRESSANTS AND LATER WITH SHOCK
THERAPY
STRUGGLED WITH ALCOHOLISM
TOTAL LADIES' MAN, ONCE ASKED HIS FRIEND
JONATHAN FRANZEN WHETHER HIS PURPOSE ON
EARTH IS TO PUT HIS PENIS IN AS MANY VAGINAS
AS POSSIBLE.
SAYS AMERICAN AT LEAST ONCE IN EVERY TWO
SENTENCES.
WEARING BANDANAS MAKES HIM FEEL SAFE
IS INSECURE ABOUT HEROIN ADDICTION RUMORS
PROCLAIMED AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST
WRITERS
COMMITTED SUICIDE AT 46 ON SEPTEMBER 12,
2008 AT HIS HOUSE IN CLAREMONT CALIFORNIA

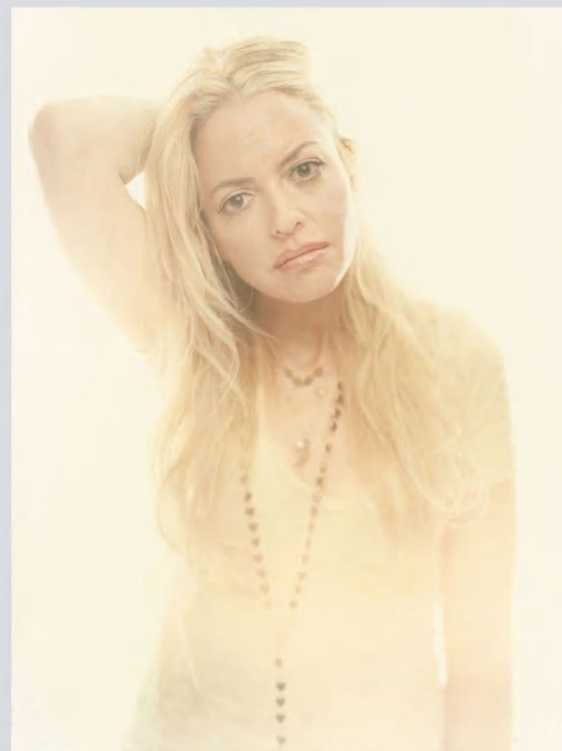
Legend of tea past has it that Elizabeth Wurtzel and David Foster Wallace had a brief intriguing fling once. Apparently, the two met at a literally magazine party sometime during the mid-90s in New York City. Wallace was on fire serving all-American top-shelf literally works; Liz was also riding high as Prozac Nation took the US by storm. On that special night, Dave forgot that he had recently married Karen Green as Liz floated around in her silver lamé leotard. They got along; he walked her home, they spent a few days wandering around NYC, eating shellfish and watching Beat Rodeo, as Wurtzel later recalled. Maybe Liz didn't dig the bandanas all that much since, according to the literature burn book, Dave based the title character from his 1998 story "The Depressed Person" on Elizabeth, describing her as totally unbearable.

September 21, 2008 after the suicide of Wallace, Wurtzel wrote an article for New York magazine about their time together. She admitted that she "never knew David well." [...] "I would say the time I spent with him was very grunge Salingeresque. Looking back, I am just so very sorry he was not less fragile and I was not less crazy."

In his 1997 collection of writing; Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again: Essays and Arguments, Wallace declares "I have seen fluorescent luggage and fluorescent sunglasses and fluorescent pince-nez and over twenty different makes of rubber thong. I have heard steel conch pun fritters and watched a woman a silver lamé projectile-vomit inside a glass elevator"



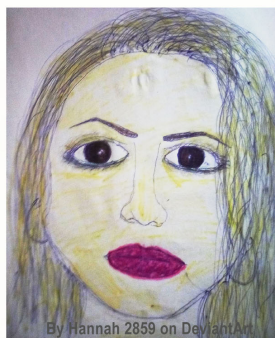
DAYS OF OUR LIVES



ELIZABETH, LIZ
INITIALS: E.W.
FROM UPPER WEST SIDE, NEW YORK
WRITER, JOURNALIST, LAWYER
WENT TO HARVARD COLLEGE AND YALE LAW
SCHOOL
PROBLEM CHILD, SELF-CENTERED AND
TROUBLED
WAS UPSET WHEN HER PARENTS GOT DIVORCED
DIAGNOSED WITH ATYPICAL DEPRESSION
LOOKS DEEP IN PHOTOS
SUBSTANCE ABUSE- COCAINE, HEROIN,
PRESCRIPTION PILLS ETC...
LIVED HER LIFE AND WROTE
UNAPOLOGETICALLY, WHICH MADE CERTAIN
PEOPLE ANGRY AND VERY CRITICAL OF HER
DIED OF BREAST CANCER AT 52 ON 7TH
JANUARY 2020 IN NEW YORK

Disclaimer: The essay is reproduced without the permission of the Nadell Literary Agency, the Literary Estate of David Foster Wallace, who own the rights for it. We emailed, we called, we knocked but u weren't home, don't be angry, its all good.

Image: Tweaked scan from Harper Magazine's "A Depressed Person" - by David Foster Wallace, January 1998



THE DEPRESSED PERSON

By David Foster Wallace

The depressed person was in terrible and unceasing emotional pain, and the impossibility of sharing or articulating this pain was itself a component of the pain and a contributing factor in its essential horror.

Despairing, then, of describing the emotional pain itself, the depressed person hoped at least to be able to express something of its context—its shape and texture, as it were—by recounting circumstances related to its etiology. The depressed person's parents, for example, who had divorced when she was a child, had used her as a pawn in the sick games they played, as in when the depressed person had required orthodonture and each parent had claimed—not without some cause, the depressed person always inserted, given the Medicean legal ambiguities of the divorce settlement—that the other should pay for it. Both parents were well-off, and each had privately expressed to the depressed person a willingness, if push came to shove, to bite the bullet and pay, explaining that it was a matter not of money or dentition but of "principle." And the depressed person always took care, when as an adult she attempted to describe to a supportive friend the venomous struggle over the cost of her orthodonture and that struggle's legal and emotional pain for her, to conclude that they, all truly have shared to each other have been, in fact, a matter of "principle," though unfortunately not a "principle" that took into account their daughter's feelings at receiving the emotional message that

scoring petty points off each other was more important to her parents than her own maxillofacial health and thus constituted, if considered from a certain perspective, a form of neglect or abandonment or even outright abuse, an abuse clearly connected—here she nearly always inserted that her therapist concurred with this assessment—to the bottomless, chronic adult despair she suffered every day and felt hopelessly trapped in.

The approximately half-dozen friends whom her therapist—who had earned both a terminal graduate degree and a medical degree—referred to as the depressed person's Support System tended to be either female acquaintances from childhood or else girls she had roomed with at various stages of her school career, nurturing and comparatively undamaged women who now lived in all manner of different cities and whom the depressed person often had not laid eyes on in years and years, and whom she called late in the evening, long-distance, for badly needed sharing and support and just a few well-chosen words to help her get some realistic perspective on the day's despair and get centered and gather together the strength to fight through the emotional agony of the next day, and to whom, when she telephoned, the depressed person always apologized for dragging them down or coming off as boring or self-pitying or repellent or taking them away from their active, vibrant, largely pain-free long-distance lives. She was, in addition, also always extremely careful to share



David Foster Wallace is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. His most recent book, *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again*, was published by Little, Brown last February.

РЕЖИССЕР-ПОСТАНОВЩИК: ВАЛЕРИЯ ГАЙ ГЕРМАНИКА. АВТОРЫ СЦЕНАРИЯ: АЛЕКСАНДР РОДИОНОВ, ЮРИЙ КЛАВДИЕВ. ОПЕРАТОР-ПОСТАНОВЩИК: АЛИШЕР ХАМИДХОДЖАЕВ. ХУДОЖНИК-ПОСТАНОВЩИК: ДЕНИС ШИБАНОВ. ХУДОЖНИК ПО КОСТЮМАМ: АЛЕКСАНДР ПЕТЛЮРА. ИСПОЛНИТЕЛЬНЫЙ ПРОДЮСЕР: ДАРЬЯ ХЛЕСТИКИНА. ГЕНЕРАЛЬНЫЙ ПРОДЮСЕР: ИГОРЬ ТОЛСТУНОВ

ВСЕ УМРУТ А Я ОСТАНУСЬ

недетская игра


FESTIVAL DE CANNES
CAMÉRA D'OR

Semaine
de la Critique
CANNES 2008


REZO

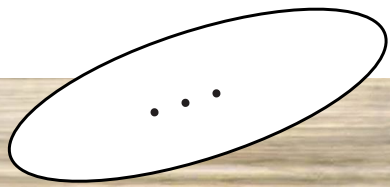
В ГЛАВНЫХ РОЛЯХ: ПОЛИНА ФИЛОНЕНКО, АГНИЯ КУЗНЕЦОВА, ОЛЬГА ШУВАЛОВА. В РОЛЯХ: ЮЛИЯ АЛЕКСАНДРОВА, ДОНАТАС ГРУДОВИЧ, АНАСТАСИЯ ЗАБАДАЕВА, ОЛЬГА ЛАПШИНА, АЛЕКСЕЙ БАГДАСАРОВ, ИНГА СТРЕЛКОВА-ОБОЛДИНА, ГАРИНЬА СТРЕЛКОВ



Early suicidal kids

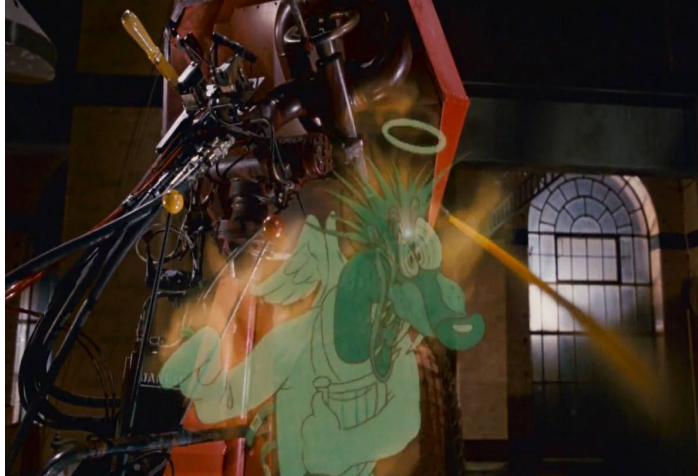
ALBAN DIAZ

DON'T FORGET TO GO H



Roger Rabbit was my favorite cartoon. A toon never dies, except by an overdose from laughing; cycling infinitely in loops of painful gags, like a wind-up toy that you can't break. From the sofa of my father's living room, I followed the white Rabbit. Furnitures, paintings and design good(ie)s were provided from obscure suburban shopping malls. The home decoration felt like Toontown. Schizophrenic pillows with printed safe words. As I left the house to live in Paris, I found myself in nocturne playgrounds. I guess I wanted to refind Roger.

LOVE



LOVE



FORGET TO GO HOME

EARLY SUICIDAL PILLOWS

Take care





Chrysippus, the Greek Stoic philosopher, died from laughter at the age of 73 during at 206 BC. He reportedly saw a donkey eating his figs and yelled

Now give the donkey a pure wine to wash down the figs!



Big Dog XXL, Fatboy 250 cm x 165 cm x 200 cm

**"TO BE ONESELF", YOU SAY, IS ALL-IMPORTANT.
BUT IS ONE'S SELF REALLY WORTH THE EFFORT?**



REDEMPTION

Midwestern heartthrob **Jack Donoghue**, Salem's hard-candy of witch house, looks back on his fast-fashion career, past lives and illuminates us with anthropological observations - Deep south darling **Maggie Dunlap** tells us a junkie love-story as she guides us through a couple of bloody chambers, spoiler alert: YOU DIE – Artist/Radio personality **Ilja Karilampi** rises from the ashes of Stockholm club nights and cocaine dealers in Prada Sport while telling us how a Dean Blunt movie-clip changed his life - Speeded-up photographer **Rob Kulisek** grafts the consequential epitome of NY drug fuelled madness over a luxury Zurich rehab facility with a series of montages starring ultra hipster @megsuperstarprincess and finally, infamous curator and honorary chairman of the OCL bookclub **Chris Viaggio** makes a seven-day reading list inspired by NA pamphlets and rehab programs.



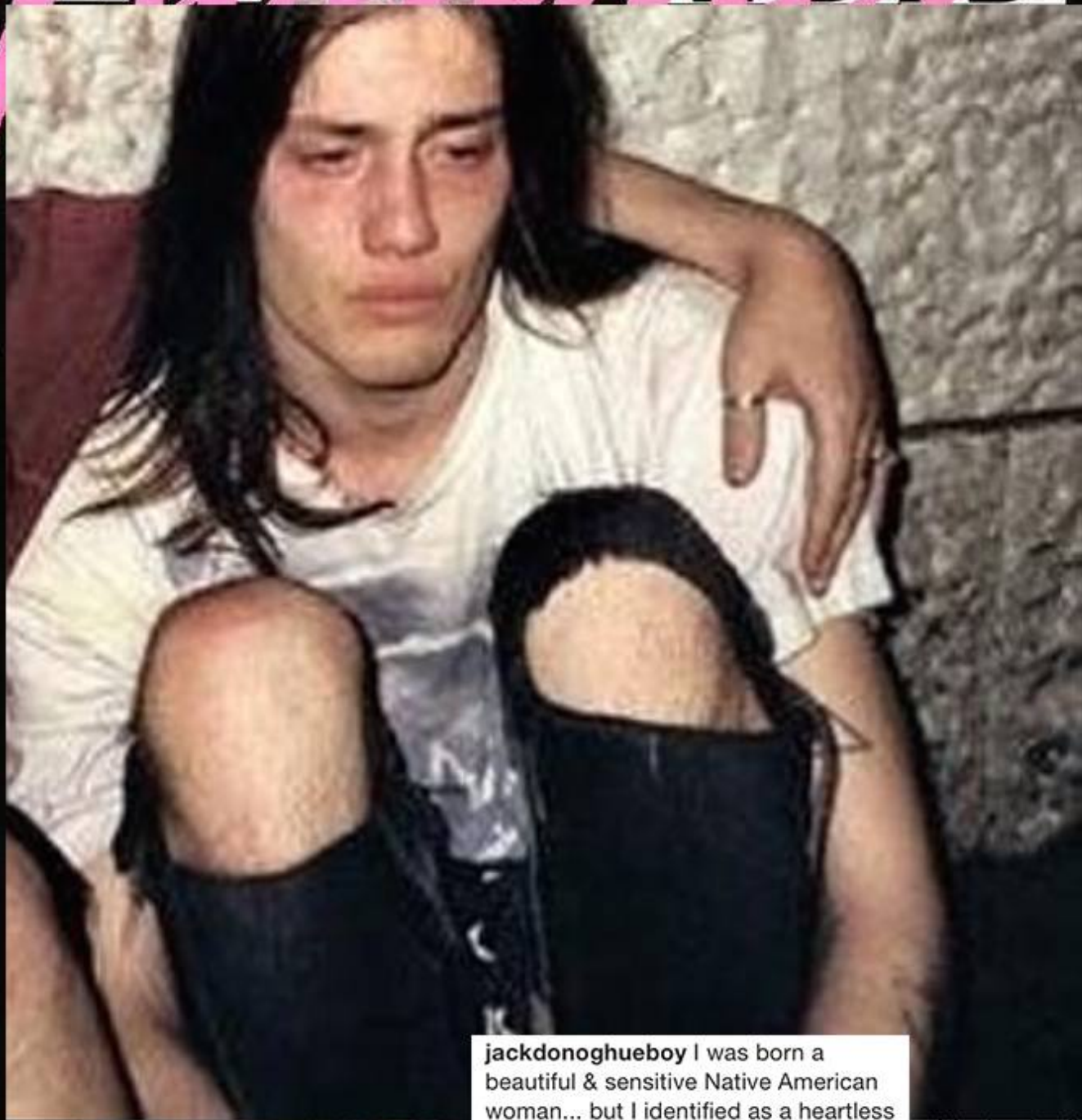
jackdonoghueboy When you go in
someone's bathroom and come to find
they have an asthma problem 🥵💨

Ventolin
Evohaler

L'ORIGINAL

PARIS

Chamnel



jackdonoghueboy I was born a beautiful & sensitive Native American woman... but I identified as a heartless white male... so I changed....
#BecomeYourBully #Brave
#Inspirational #Strong #Hope
#NoOneCanDefineYou #Oakleys
#WakeBoarding #KegStand

JACK DONOGHUE
PORTE UNE VESTE
DIOR HOMME.

JACK DONOGHUE • A\$AP ROCKY • ROBERT CRUMB
ACNE • RICHARD KERN • GORDON MATTIA-CLARK • DOMINIQUE NABOKOV • TURBOGEIST

MAGGIE DUNLAP

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE

I'm writing you this letter in blood from Bluebeard's Castle. The air smells heavy and sweet here, the way a dead deer on the side of the road smells sweet. My Bluebeard's Castle isn't a castle at all, it's a mobile home parked at Candy Mountain Trailer Park in Cottondale, Alabama. I didn't expect my Bluebeard to be a highschool dropout fresh out of Acadiana Treatment Center with zip ties for shoe-laces but The Lord moves in mysterious ways.

Bloody chambers aren't always dungeons in Carpathian forests. Before this the chamber was located in the basement of 781 Kowaliga Road in Eclectic, Alabama and, before that it was briefly room 27 at the Travelodge off I-75 in Marietta, Georgia. Occasionally a gas station bathroom or the bed of a 1980 Ford F150 has made do, but the first and bloodiest chamber is a God-shaped-room inside Bluebeard himself and sometimes blood will seep out from underneath the door and it is a dreadful thing to witness. My daddy always said I was a battering ram of a person and I'd knock down any door at the end of any corridor of my mind. I'll even do it to yours if you let me. My Bluebeard knew this and gave me the keys and made me promise I'd never use them. He trusted me more than he trusted himself. And for good reason. You should never trust a junkie.

We crossed state lines and he ejected the Sun Kil Moon CD that I tried to play in the car because the songs made him sad and unlike me he was afraid to be sad. I told him from the start I wasn't afraid of animals, sadness, or love.

For weeks on end nothing happened and I thought my writers must be on strike because this plot was going nowhere. Most of the time all he'd want to do was take me to a motel, turn the TV to a dead channel and nod out with his head in my lap. But then, something would happen, and that something made up for all the long stretches of nothing. He'd bloody another chamber, there would be another pharmacy to rob, another body to roll off the back of the truck into the bayou. He'd be fresh again and grab me by the shoulders and kiss my forehead and whisper, "I swear you're the only person I like." I knew this was true because in Louisiana he *** me and felt so bad about it he found a stray dog and gave it to me to make amends. He argued with me when I said the dog's name would be Creepy but Creepy it is. I later found out that if you bury a body eight feet underground and a dog two feet above it, it's less likely to be found.

This is all to say that by the time you read this I'll probably be scattered in various states below the Mason-Dixon line.

He drove and let me rest my bare feet in his lap while I looked past his profile and watched the telephone poles fly by, fantasizing about Great American Road Trips both real and fictional. Humbert Humbert and his darling Lo, Charles Starkweather and Caril Ann Fugate, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow and honestly, even that diaper-wearing astronaut drove to Florida because of LOVE. I dreaded the day the long arm of the law would fuck with our fun. The movie would end, the credits would roll, but not before I went running into the arms of a kindly police officer, wearing only a t-shirt and one sock, all bruised and bloody and begging yet another man to save me from myself. This time my savior would carry an M16 and wear a bulletproof vest that read SWAT on the back.

But that never happened and that is why I'm writing to you from the bloody chamber.

I want to make it clear that in spite of everything I don't think my Bluebeard is a bad person. Drugs can back a good man into a corner and he has to kill the world to get out. Drugs can also be the locks on the doors to the bloody chambers of your mind. Without them the doors might burst open on their accord spilling out all the carnage you had been trying to keep in. Once it gets out it can't be put back in, you have to destroy everything and start all over again. Eventually, you will find someone to whom you are compelled to give the keys. You won't really know why you do this and also won't realise you've left a trail of blood leading them directly to the door you're so scared of opening. But you did.

In heaven we are lying naked on the futon in the hot trailer on a moth eaten quilt his momma made him, sharing a backwood with the ashtray on my chest. I'm watching Hellbound: Hellraiser II on my 2011 Macbook pro and he watches the fan oscillate in the corner until we both fall asleep. In heaven there's no Copperheads in the lakes or fentanyl in the heroin. In heaven there will be free wifi and I can download a movie for us to watch other than Hellbound: Hellraiser II.

So my grim fairytale didn't end the way I expected and really, who cares. I followed the trail of blood he left and found the final chamber I was never meant to find, unlocked the door in his brain that he gave me the keys to but warned to never use. I knew what I was getting into when I became Bluebeard's bride.

It comes with the territory.

I'll see you in Disneyland.





WILL YOU ENTER?

YES

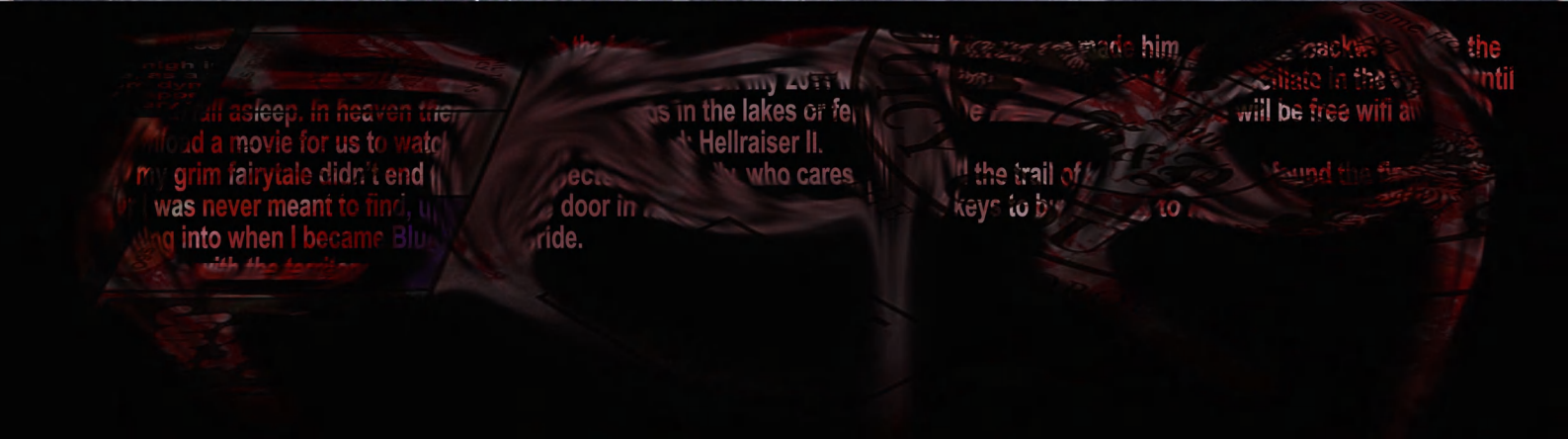
NO







GO DOWN





GO

MAGGIE DUNLAP
BLUEBERRY CAKE



HOME SWEET HOME
Is Murder

THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK

PARTNERS
AGAINST
PAIN



If I was never meant to find, I
would have found into when I became Blue

door in
ride.

keys to buy to

MAGGIE DUNLAP
BLUEBERRY CACAO



YOU DIED



...I was never meant to find, ...
...into when I became Blu ...
...door in ...
...keys to b ... to ...

COMING OUT THIS HALLOWEEN

THE OPIOID CRISIS LOOKBOOK
PRESENTS

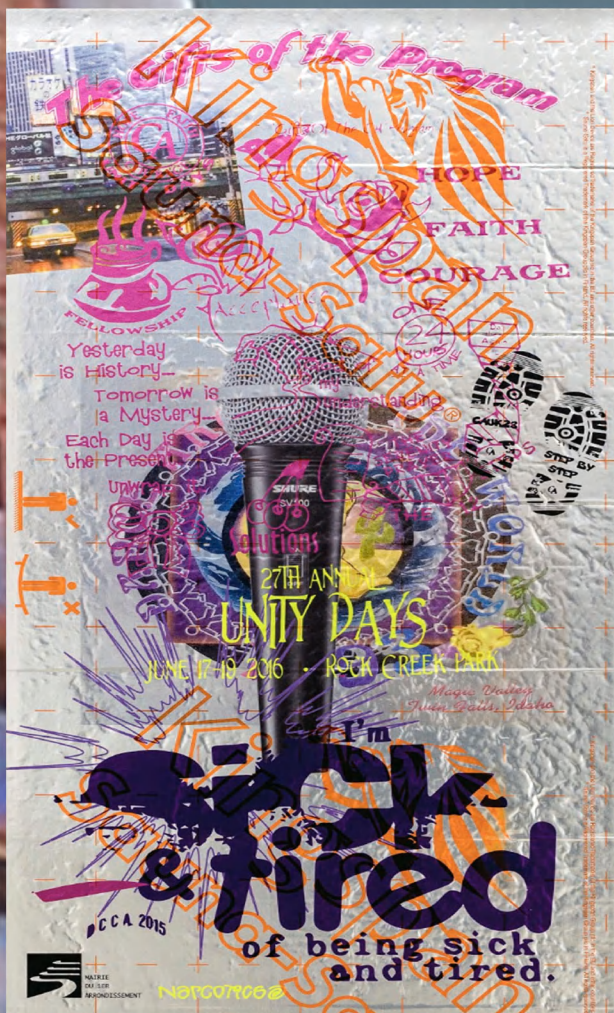
REAL HOMO NORWEGIAN BLACK METAL \$STORIES\$



ILJA KARILAMPI



Text by Dustin Cauchi for the exhibition "Narcotics" curated by Ilja Karilampi, Temnikova & Kasela Gallery, Tallinn, Estonia. March 2020.



Ok, got clean, great!

Now you're there, stranded, naked before the world and before your mother. You notice that you have no hair on your body, even your eyelashes are gone; pure flesh, chewed like a spearmint Orbit and spit into tragedy. Your new life begins here. Welcome.

Social utopias are traditionally understood as hypothetical, harmonious societies where equilibrium between individuals and the system is reflective of lack of divides between classes, where nature is respected and preserved. The idea of the utopic is generally regarded as just an ideal, life is what it is ... shit happens, can't be perfect. Everyone manages expectations daily, in their own way. When you get clean these issues become amplified, from iPhone speaker to a 150euro JBL Bluetooth speaker. It's loud, there's noise now and you're really struggling to reconcile expectations with reality.

The 12-step program and its denominations - NA: Narcotics Anonymous, CA: Cocaine Anonymous, AA: Alcoholics Anonymous etc- is an addiction recovery template system that serves as a sort of measure and guideline to get clean and stay clean. Rehab program lingo and aspirations are often based on equilibriums reminiscent of utopic discourses on the "good life". Benevolent but somewhat ambiguous these steps are not easy to climb.

Recovering addicts often struggle with appropriating an ethical system that exists in conflict with their previous one, that is perhaps the hardest part of any form of recovery; change.

Early clean days feel a bit like an open-world

game, windows and signs pop-up as you race through familiar spaces - no map in sight -recovery is as ambiguous as life itself. Considered as the least exciting chapter in the drug experience narrative it has consequently been treated a bit like a taboo in "radical" fictive contexts dealing with addiction or drug use. In literature or cinema - as an example - the portrayal of recovery often starts and ends with the drama of sickness and detoxification, what follows is generally disregarded. In a way this exhibition is doing the opposite of that.

"Narcotics" the exhibition is an update for the drug experience narrative OS and runs on an engine that Karilampi calls "euphoric aesthetical expression", a sort of anti-gloom, guilt-free, celebratory stance in relation to addiction and recovery.

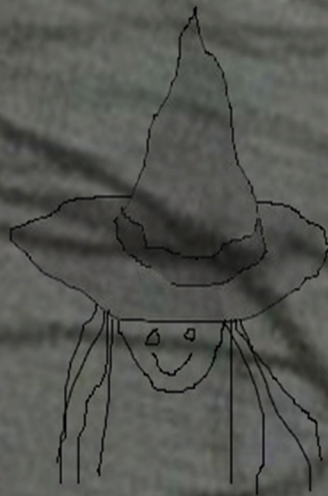
Addiction is a relationship. In love, you realize it's over when you don't feel like throwing up when u imagine your girl or boy or other fucking someone else, unless you're into that ... with drugs it's also a bit like that, you feel when it's over. Contrary to the binary ethos of drug counterculture; clean doesn't have to be square, and with this show Karilampi is also acting as a pro talk-show host, bringing together voices to revise the `drug experience narrative` in all it's dimensions and complexities, shame-free and recovery included. For Karilampi is first and foremost a storyteller and his output over the years has been a bit like an odyssey: from the streets to the club, via those art-world dinners - where little eating happens - all the way to rehab and back again. Life from VIP rooms to street support.

All this make me wonder what early cave paintings would have looked like if our uggo ancestors partied a bit more and hunted a bit less ... but then again the addict is not unlike the hunter and drugs really make you ugly.

The night can get scary...

I am always with you ...
ILYSM

Do u love me?



THE
OPIOID CRISIS
LOOKBOOK

OFFICIAL BOOTLEG CUTIE OXY PLUSH

@megsuperstarprincess
Meg by Rob Kulisek

Montages: Rob Kulisek
Camera Operator: Chris Helga

Bentley on call, personal chef and amazing views of lake Zurich:
Paracelsus Recovery is a \$50K a-week, one-patient-only, state-of-the-art facility, which caters for the wealthiest, most secretive addicts in the world.













NURSE



ACUPUNCTURIST



ADDICTIONS COUNSELOR



NURSE



YOGA INSTRUCTOR







HAUS
C.G. JUNG









DAY SLAM JAM BOOK CLUB

BY

CHRIS
VIAGGIO

SUNDAY

Be Safe in a Dangerous World (1981) - Vernon Howard

American philosopher, author, and spiritual teacher Vernon Howard takes no prisoners in a smartly rigorous self-help pamphlet which holds us both afloat and accountable for the direction of our own lives. He acknowledges the difficulty in this—that something about the very nature of being tends to pose a problem for humans by default. But we are not to blame for our weaknesses. That said, coping strategies must be actively built or the self will flounder in distress. As Howard describes, “My Sad Experience in Seeking Safety where it Could Not be Found” is the fictitious title of a book anyone could write. It would just be better if less of us had to. “There is a way out of the human problem and anyone can find it.”

MONDAY

Bad Feelings (2015) - Art Against Cuts, Edited by Nina Power

With every page marked by fresh skin-like scrapes as a visual metaphor for the volume’s somewhat masochistic impulse, as well as evidence of the authors’ self-mutilative dealings with the contents each of them disclose, this book embodies the necessary pain of unpleasant feelings. Ranging from reflections that capture collective frustrations that have sparked resistance and congealed as angry acts of protest, to others that zoom in closer to the writers as unique individuals with their own personal struggles to work through, such confessional theory is written to help us understand the trauma each human psyche has unforgettably experienced. The book remains decisively at-odds with the concept of “playing nice” when it comes to these subjects. Simultaneously cruel and cathartic, we are led to wonder whether one could one could have ever even had a choice in the matter when it comes down to deciding on whether it’s best to react or stay a victim against such abstractly oppressive conditions. Resistance is rendered a clearly justifiable act to be carried out in a manner directed purely by rage.

TUESDAY

Rants & Incendiary Tracts: Voices of Desperate Illumination 1558-Present (1989) - Edited by Bob Black and Adam Parfrey

Two among a small cohort known to be the pariahs of the publishing industry, Black (Loompanics Unlimited) and Parfrey (Amok Press/Feral House) collaborate to compose a home-hitting selection of historical and contemporary rants. A rant is an impassioned expulsion of insight, usually summoned by a severe situation that has much at stake. The opinions expressed by the collected cast of speakers (e.g., Jean Paul Marat, Ezra Pound, Valerie Sononas, Anton LaVey, Hakim Bey, and more) via the editor duo gathering of pre-published material and archival transcripts, run the gamut of subjects and viewpoints, though they are unmistakably bound by a common eccentricity bordering on the manic which empowers them each to transcend the details of their respective circumstances.

WEDNESDAY

How to Murder Your Life: A Memoir (2017) - Cat Marnell

Self-deprecation is sexy when it's serious, as fashion and beauty journalist Cat Marnell's candid narration through an ambitious, albeit addled life—her own—demonstrates. It is. Even when she seems to have hit her lowest low, a detached humor never exits the tone of her narration. Attempts to penetrate the account for its emotional reality, or detect the lived experience of her downward spiral, remains ineffectual. The memoir has a drab quality that seems reflective of the nature of addiction itself, a relationship reversal where the budding addict first excels due to their substance consumption, to a trapped reliance on it which inhibits one from following anything else at all. It's a scope of perception dramatically narrowed, and which excludes all others but herself. The memoir maintains its realism in lieu of a fabricated feeling of satisfaction for the reader.

Marnell, like each of us, is the one and only, spinning into disorientation, indefinitely.

GNY ASC Meeting Times & Places

Bronx Area	12 PM, first Saturday of every month Holy Cross School (basement cafeteria) Leland & Randall Aves, Bronx 10473
Brooklyn Area	12 PM, third Saturday of every month St. Paul's Church 180 Court Street, Brooklyn, NY
Eastern Long Island Area	4 PM, First Sunday of every Month at the Methodist Church, on East Main Street, in Riverhead, NY
Heart of Long Island Area	7 PM, third Tuesday of every month The Old First Presbyterian Church 125 Main Street, Huntington, NY
Kings Bay Area	7 PM, second Monday of every month at Our Lady of Perpetual Help 60 th St, Between 5 th & 6 th Ave, Brooklyn NY
Lower Hudson Valley Area	7PM, second Monday of every month at Knights of Columbus, 10 Fair Street, Carmel, NY 10512
Manhattan Area	10 AM, first Saturday of every month at Emm Senior Housing 160 W. 116 th Street, NY, NY
New York City Area	2PM, third Sunday of every month at 154 Christopher Street, Suite 1A West Village New York, NY
Open Arms Area	7:30PM, first Thursday of every month at Grace Baptist Church (rear entrance) 2839 Route 94, Washingtonville, NY
Rockland Area	6 PM, first Tuesday of every month at Tappan Reformed Church, 35 Kings Highway, Tappan, NY
South Jamaica Area	11 AM, third Saturday of every month at Red Brick Red Door, 109-55 Guy R Brewer Blvd, Jamaica, Queens
Staten Island Area	7 PM, second Tuesday of every month at Holy Rosary Church, 207 Sand Lane, Staten Island, NY
Westchester Area	1 PM, third Saturday of every month at Yonkers Family YMCA, 17 Riverdale Ave., 2 nd Floor, Yonkers, NY

ENY ASC Meeting Times & Places

Nassau Area	2PM, first Sunday of every month at the Community Presbyterian Church, 2101 William Place, Merrick, NY
Suffolk Area	8PM, first Wednesday of every month at Brentwood Presbyterian Church, Corner of 3 rd Avenue and 4 th Street, Brentwood, NY 11717
Queens Area	7:00PM, third Wednesday of every month at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, 102-35 89 th Ave., Richmond Hill, NY
Western Queens Area	7:30PM, last Wednesday of every month at the Good Shepherd Methodist Church, 30-44 Crescent St., Astoria, NY
Metro Area de Habla Hispana Area	1PM on the last Sunday of every month, 2427 Morris Ave., Bronx, NY (Between 184 and Fordham Rd.)
Simply Spiritual Area	7:30PM, third Wednesday of every month at St. Martin of Tours Church, 35 Union Ave, Amityville, NY

A NEW NOVEL

Book One: 1/21

Part 1

Chapter 9: Handers

At the opening, he has the usual emotions. He looks for some-
body who can make him feel more like a piece of shit than
you do. Somebody who will give him that insane attention:
filming him, documenting him, ridiculing him. Changing him.

Guess you're too late. 'Cause you can never humiliate him
enough for it to make sense to him. No matter how much you
humiliate him, with one wrong move he'll turn it into a
new (and messy) message.

Not like the *Reckless*. He doesn't let the world of the *Reckless*
know that he's a piece of shit. He's a piece of shit, but he's a
piece of shit for a reason.

"It's just" he thinks. "My reason for all this is that I'm here
for more exciting New York experiences."

Nobody calls him. Nobody likes him. Nobody seems to be any-
thing but embarrassed and irritated by him.

It's me and you. And the doctors.

BY BJARNE MELGAARD

New York

Alas it is true. No body perfect rock, how kinder over George
is worked out, very conscious of his looks and at the bar he takes
out his cock to show him saying "You like that, huh?" and he
says to George: "So you are the queen of the New York City
scene?" making George a bit embarrassed. Lyon
asks for his number, but he can't remember it.

"It will with time make you do whatever I want" George says,
and a smile from him, but he tells George he is staying at the bar
and not going home with him.

Nighty spent at home chilling out with dogs, going to the bar
or just watching TV. He doesn't want anybody in his home an-
ymore. He goes to bed only looking into the dark room and
imagining that he has seen George's face to him, his chest, his
muscular legs, his fat cock rubbing into him, his hair growth
hanging over his face. George takes his arms around him, kisses
his neck, and says in his ear "I love you."

END



NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

How to Murder Your Life

A MEMOIR

CAT MARNELL

"Vivid, maddening, heartbreaking, very funny."
—THE NEW YORK TIMES

A candid and darkly humorous memoir of prescription
drug addiction and self-sabotage, set in the glamorous world
of fashion magazines and downtown nightclubs

"Cat Marnell's story begins at a posh New England prep school—and with a prescrip-
tion for the attention deficit disorder
medication Ritalin. It continues to
New York, where she rises from
intern to editor through the beauty
departments of *Vogue*, *Teen*, *Vogue*,
Glamour, and *Elle*. At each turn,
her disease threatens everything she
worked so hard to achieve. Marnell
kicks, she gets up, she falls again.
The result is a memoir like no
other. Marnell shows what it is like
to live in the wild, chaotic, often
sinister world of a young female
editor who can't say no."
—SLATE

CAT MARNELL is a *Condé Nast* dropout and former beauty editor
at *Lucky* and *Elle* magazine. She wrote the *Amphetamine* comic column for *Vice*.
How to Murder Your Life is her first book.



BE SAFE in a DANGEROUS WORLD



Vernon Howard
Over 8 million grateful readers

"I have found Vernon Howard books
to be a powerful beam of light in the
darkness and confusion surrounding us
in this world."
— Dr. George Collins, DDS

"My spirit jumped for joy when I read
this booklet. I knew instantly it was
what my heart had been yearning for."
— Sally Forrest, Executive Secretary

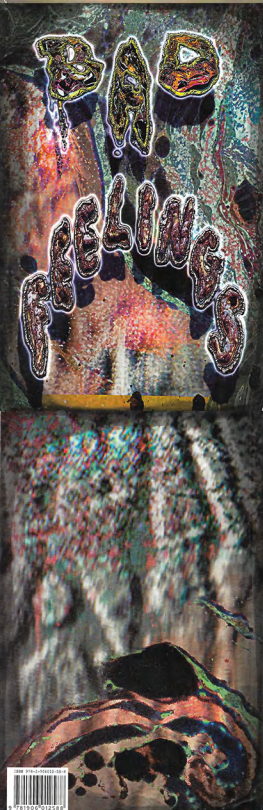
"This fantastic booklet explains how
only wrong thinking puts us in danger
— and that higher seeing alone keeps
us safe."
— Moe Janosec, Map Designer

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All for Nothing

HOW TO
DISSAPPEAR
DISSAPPEAR

"...a valuable resource for that special breed who
has what it takes to develop a whole new lifestyle."
—Campus Review

"Recommended Reading."
—Guardian Spy Shop

Doug Richmond has never changed identities. But as a journalist
traveling the world, he has collected statements from dozens of people
who have, what makes this book so incredible is that every scrap of
information is based on true history that are undeniably true.



THURSDAY

A New Novel (2012) - Bjarne Melgaard

Opening up a portal into the dark abyss of dull disenchantment with one's own lifestyle, Melgaard summons subcultural shadows which discreetly exist alongside the ultimate cult of normality. His 'new' novel centers on a protagonist-fiend's seemingly unstoppable series of degrading and often graphically violent fetishistic sexual acts with a bounty of men from a trio of his most often occupied cities: New York, Oslo, and Barcelona. Over this outlined period of aimlessly indulgent wandering through "the scene," the artist's career picks up and begins to gain some successful momentum. But garnering such heightened attention only seems to intensify his destructive, apathetically cynical outlook. Not unlike someone physiologically worn by depression, the orientation is scattered and dismissively unconventional. It's as if Melgaard's vignettes, ideas, and digressions were intended to be shared and subsequently shattered—somehow bringing us closer to the messy, everywhere overlapping, and sometimes sublime, chaos of his interiority. "Hi Dopehead," his presumed dealer says with a smile, repeatedly throughout, evoking the same monotony that they, and we, are always trying to escape, but which precisely keeps us ensnared.

FRIDAY

How to Disappear Completely and Never Be Found (1996) - Doug Richmond

While today's emblematically nihilistic truism virally known as #yolo, holds some undeniable truth—that we as individuals can only ever occupy a single and finite line of a lifetime—it turns out loopholes of liberation have been found and concocted, and now remain discreetly available for those who decide without hesitation that they have just about had it. They simply want out. But it's not suicide that Richmond's manual tells of and teaches, but rather a set of meticulously strategic methods explained, to apply practically if the idea of total abandon ever develops with committed sincerity. Fantasy becomes desire, and desire may even take over to resemble necessity. Specialized knowledge of how to pull off a convincing disappearance, the ins and outs of identity erasure followed by forgery, and more tips of this kind make up the mechanics of the process of the act of permanently ghosting. And it's hard to keep from hypothetically wandering past the sum total of these insights upon gaining them, as they begin to beg a number of questions. How many pedestrians in passing might be storing their own big little secrets? Is life on the other side the one they imagined and so desperately hoped for? Live every day as if it's your last, because yesterday's gone and tomorrow is uncertain.

SATURDAY

All for Nothing (2010) - Rachel K. Ward

(selected quotations taken from the second chapter's first section, 'All Previous Decadence')

"From where does decadence first arrive? The term comes from Latin to describe a loss of vigor."

"Decadence then involves a question of the relationship between extravagance and depravity. It is not necessarily a causal relation that all excess necessitates the end but it excess depletes resources thus accelerating the end."

"A problem in decadence appears to be that one 'confuses cause and effect' because 'one fails to understand decadence as a physiological condition.' Decadence precedes the addictions, precedes the end."

"Decadence is always sure of itself, whether legalistic or liberated, making particulars into absolutes."

"The human condition is an ongoing negotiation of desire. Desire can never be completely resolved because like hunger, it is recurrent. But desire can be satiated by immediate resources, in which we are often far too easily pleased."

"The decadent individual can exist on a small budget simply by investing it in expendable waste. The attitude is one of consuming any resources for unchecked self-interest in vanity, for pleasure. The resource of decadence is really immaterial; decadence is in the behavior. So then it is not elaborate quality or quantity of resources, but the gesture of squandering that affirms decadence. Squandering is related to the subjective devaluation of resources. Resources are futile by being out of fashion, outdated, obsolete or simply not the desired solution. Motivated by a particular whim, one then enjoys a resource as inessential and it is then left without reserves. Decadence is like being stranded on a desert island and pouring out the only drinking water available; this is how we have regarded ontological truth."

"It is not that decadence is without hope but rather that most decadence results from disregarding the next step all together, from sabotaging hope."

"Decadence is being marked for death and thus desiring only all that appears, often precluding whatever is unseen."

Telephone Helplines

Helpline Numbers in the State of New York:

Greater New York Region	(212) 929-6262
Beacon	(845) 431-9011
Kingston	(845) 431-9011
Orange County	(845) 431-6996
Nassau	(516) 827-9500
Queens	(718) 962-6244
Eastern Suffolk County	(631) 884-9500
Brooklyn	(631) 689-62
Albany	(518) 448-6
Jinghamton	(607) 774-
Buffalo	(716) 877
Finger Lakes	(800) 3
Jamestown	(716)
Ithaca	(607)
Rochester	(58)
Syracuse	(3)
Metro Area (Hispana)	

Helplines in Nearby States:

New Jersey State-Wide	
New Jersey Emergency	
Connecticut Helpline:	
3543	
NA World Services:	
Phone:	(818) 773-9
Fax:	(818) 700-0700

Meeting Format Codes (Continued)

IW	(It Works - How and Why) This meeting is focused on discussion of the It Works - How and Why text.
BT	(Basic Text) This meeting is focused on discussion of the Basic Text of Narcotics Anonymous.
SG	(Step Working Guide) This meeting is focused on discussion of the Step Working Guide text.
TT	(Time for Today) This meeting is focused on discussion of the Time for Today text.
TI	(Time for Today) This meeting is focused on discussion of the Time for Today text.
NS	(No Smoking) Smoking is not allowed at this meeting.
GL	(Candlelight) This meeting is held in a facility that has surveillance cameras.
CS	(Closed Holidays) This meeting is held in a facility that is usually closed on holidays.
CH	(Closed Holidays) This meeting is held in a facility that is usually closed on holidays.
SL	(Sign Language) This meeting provides an American Sign Language (ASL) interpreter for the deaf.

"When I was young my evil family put a sash on me and sent me off to work. Selling pills, lying, hustling, cheating, and selling, always selling more. At night I would always get super sad, I would imagine what it would be like to swallow myself, to get myself high for once. But I couldn't. So I would sleep sad. I was very depressed at that time, then came winter, and I got sadder. So, I waited and waited and waited, in silence, for my chance at redemption.

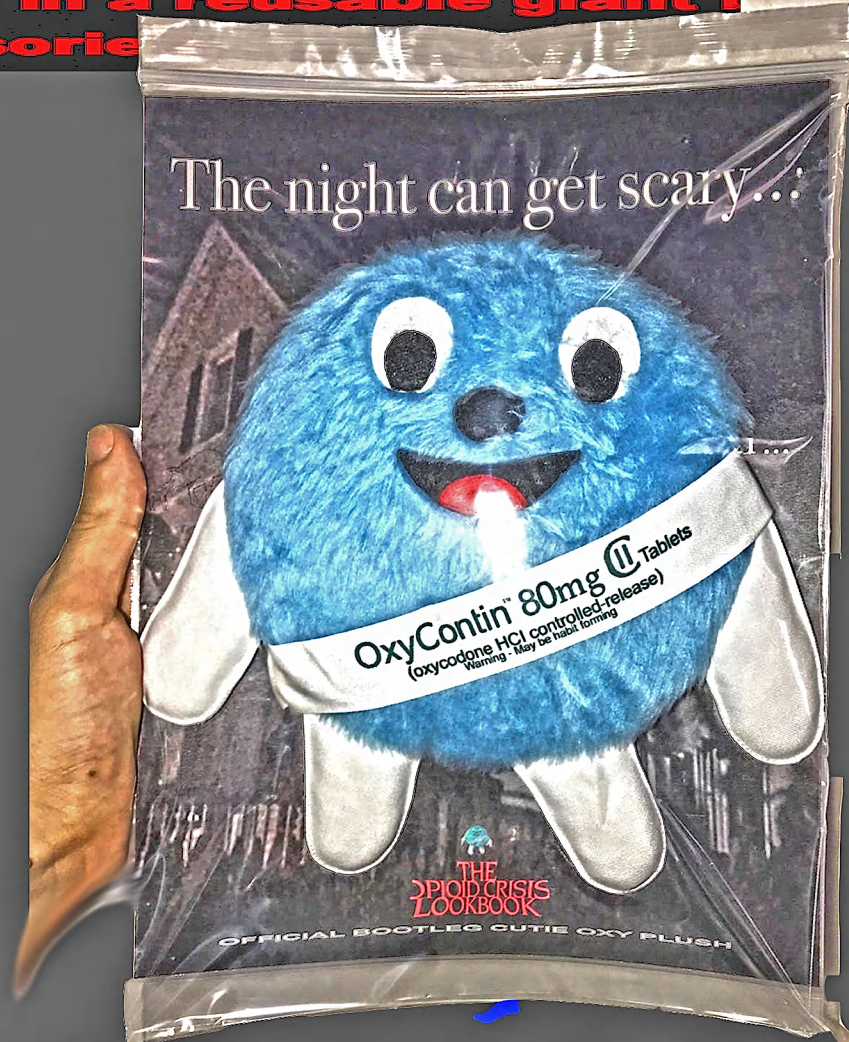
**Tonight I bury my past,
Tonight I sever all ties,
Reborn a cutie,
The Opioid Crisis Lookbook set me free."**

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accessories**



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38 YEARS AFTER WORLD WAR III...

TMA

[illegible]



"The Opioid Crisis Lookbook is fucking genius"
Courtney Love Cobain

**"The Opioid Crisis Lookbook is my drug of choice...
right after weed... and ketamine... and opioids"**
@yung_nihilist

**"If the Garbage Pail Kids grew up and became sexy,
outlaw-intellectuals"**
@nightbutterflyyy

**"How fucking nice to read a magazine without any 2020
terminology like 'microaggression' and 'UNlearning' ...
The Opioid Crisis Lookbook is my new reason to live,
Imao"**
Moni Haworth

"I will let you down, I promise"
The Opioid Crisis Lookbook

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